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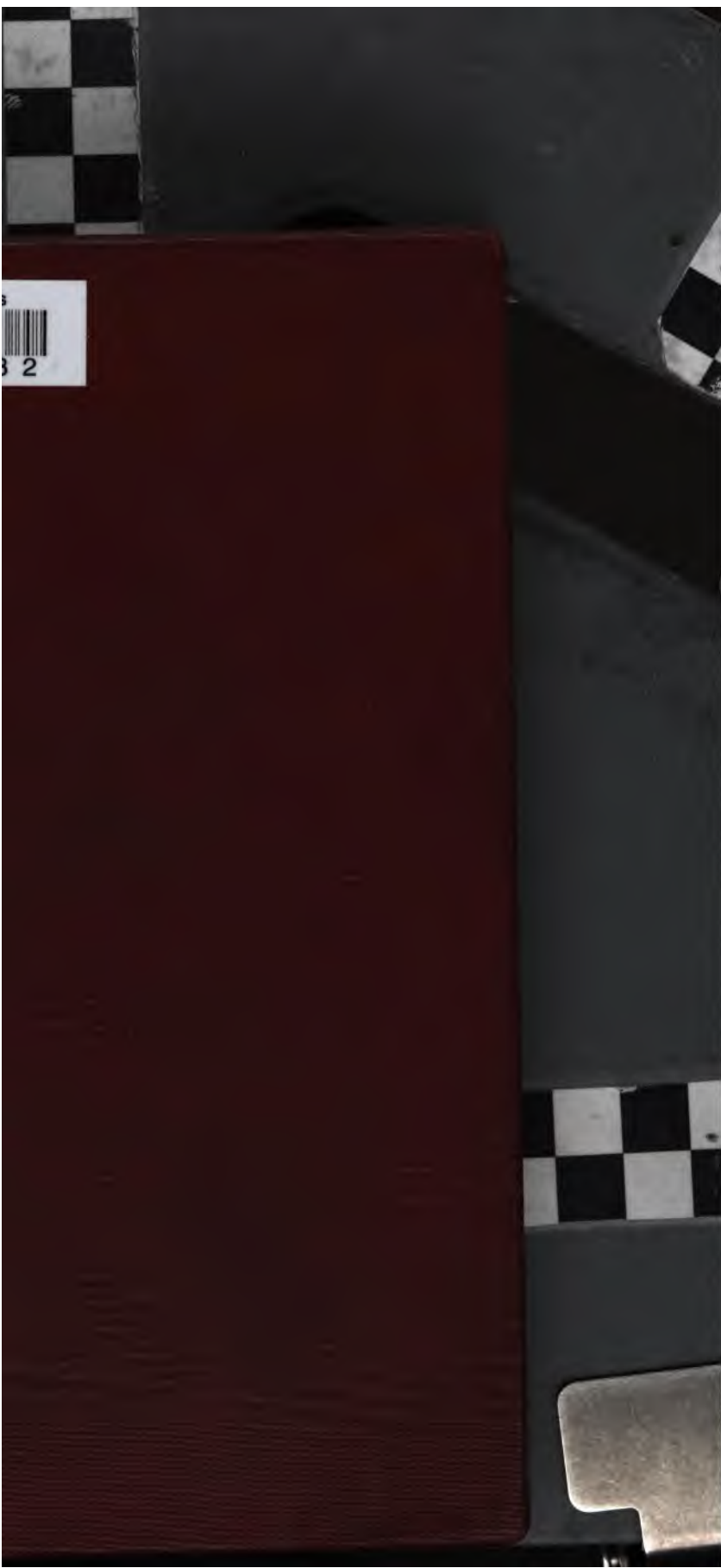
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THE
CHARMS OF FANCY:

A Poem,
IN FOUR CANTOS,
WITH NOTES.

BY RICHARD ALSOP.

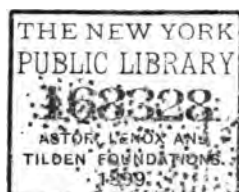
EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR,

BY THEODORE DWIGHT.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
346 & 348 BROADWAY.

M.DCCC.LVI.

7 (a) 1001



ENTERED, according to act of Congress, in the year 1855,
By JOSEPH W. ALSOP,
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Biographical Sketch of the Author.

RICHARD ALSOP was born at Middletown, Connecticut, on the 23d of January, 1761, and was the son of the principal merchant of that village, who bore the same name, and was distinguished for enterprize, system and probity in his business, and by honor and liberality in his intercourse with others, as well as by gentleness and affection in the midst of his family. To his love of reading and good taste his son owed much, as he found a library, large for the times, and well selected, at much pains and expense, ready provided for him in his earliest years.

The first American ancestor of the family came from England, and settled at Newtown, Long Island; and of him and his descendants some particulars may be found in Thompson's History of Long Island.

The father of the poet died in the year 1776, leaving a widow and seven children, three of whom were sons, and all of them young: Richard, the eldest child, being only fifteen years of age. Mrs. Alsop was a lady of uncommon energy of character, as was fully proved by her managing with success the complex affairs of her husband's business and estate, left as they were by his unexpected decease, and exposed to a thousand difficulties during the whole period of the Revolution, which

had just commenced. Many of the debts she was obliged to cancel, after receiving little more than a nominal payment in Continental money, at its lowest grade of depreciation.

The following incidents have been furnished by one of the surviving sisters of the poet, who was most intimate with him from childhood, and a participator in his literary enjoyments. In her ninetieth year she wrote the following paragraphs, with her own hand, at the solicitation of the editor.

"It is my wish to comply with your request, for some of the little incidents which occurred in the life of my dear brother Richard, and were indicative of his character, his taste, and his pursuits.

"After the death of our father, in 1776, he studied mathematics, I believe at Branford, with a tutor of Yale College, by the name, I think, of Strong. My brother never entered college, though he had passed a good examination, his father intending him for a merchant. During the exciting times of the Revolution he was at home, with the exception of one voyage to Cape François, in St. Domingo, his mother having hired a man in his stead, to serve during the war. He was ardent in his temper, and fearless of danger; and many were the risks he ran. One in particular I remember, when not more than twelve years of age. The flood was very high, and a great quantity of drift-wood was brought by it down Connecticut River. He was in a boat with some boys, engaged in catching it. In attempting to reach a log, he fell over and went down. On coming up by the side of the log, he flung his arm over it, and called out, 'Here, boys, here is the log!'

"He was much attached to books, eager for information, and particularly fond of poetry, and used to act the heroes of the Iliad. He was sociable, winning in conversation and fond of humor, and a general

favorite with those of his own age in early life, and afterwards with those of the age of his children.

" You request me to inform you respecting his translation of Molina. He had two copies of Molina to translate, one of which was in Italian, the other in Spanish. While my brother was engaged in this work, Mr. William Shaler, who had been consul in Cuba, brought him a translation he had in part made, thinking it would be of service to him. But whoever is acquainted with a foreign language finds it easier to translate it into his own, than to compare another's translation with the original and correct it, and at the same time to secure a uniform style. This my brother told me was the case with the translation of Molina, by Mr. Shaler, and that he did not make any use of it.

" He was deeply interested in natural history ; and all our walks and rides were rendered highly pleasing and instructive, by his remarks on the habits of animals in the woods, fields and waters, especially of the birds, of which he seemed to know every variety, and I might almost say every feather."

To this it may be added, that through life his intimacy with natural science, together with his admiration of fine scenery, his literary acquirements, and the warmth of his friendship, made him ever agreeable and instructive to persons of different classes and ages. He made small collections in natural history, and prepared several boxes of rare birds, stuffed with his own hands ; some of which were particularly admired by Wilson, on his tour through the country, and one of which (the crimson-breasted Grosbeak) has a place in his " American Ornithology," drawn in the posture in which he found Mr. Alsop's rare specimen.

In the year 1786 Mr. Alsop accompanied two of his sisters and several young friends on a visit to the Springs of New Lebanon, Balls-

ton and Saratoga. The journey was performed on horseback, and abounded in incidents, whose interest was much increased by the presence of the young poet. At that time there were only two houses at Ballston Spring, and three at Saratoga—all of them mere log-huts.

Mr. Alsop had a strong taste for the acquisition of foreign languages; and, notwithstanding the difficulty of procuring teachers and books at that time, and especially in his neighborhood, he early became a proficient in reading French, Spanish and Italian, perused various standard authors with a high relish in the originals, and made translations, both in poetry and in prose. Molina's History of Chile he published in two volumes, with extracts from the Araucana of Ercilla, in English verse.

Partly owing to his literary taste and habits, and partly to the fact that a large share of the property of his family had been left to him by his father, he never devoted himself to commercial business, but was one of the few men then in the country, chiefly devoted to a literary life, amidst all its discouragements.

It was his love of interesting novelties, combined with his philanthropy, which induced him to write the adventures of John R. Jewitt, an English sailor wrecked on the north-west coast of America, a work in which he imitated with some success the style of Robinson Crusoe, and of which he procured the publication for the benefit of that poor and friendless man, without giving his own name.

The composition of some of his works, and the publication of others, may be attributed in part to the coöperation of his brother-in-law, Isaac Riley, Esq., of New York, an enterprising bookseller, who afforded him facilities which he could not have found elsewhere, in the existing state of the country. Mr. Riley laid the foundation of the auction system, which now controls the book-trade of the United States, and with his

characteristic liberality and energy, encouraged and assisted the author in a career which the public were then ill prepared to sustain.

It seemed proper, in publishing a work of this kind, so many years after its composition, to retain some of the marks which it bore of the period of its production ; and not only has the old authography in some places been retained, but other things still more strongly bears the stamp of the day. It will be instructive as well as interesting to the reader, to meet with some of the peculiarities of style and verse since superseded, and with views and opinions since corrected by the extension of inquiry, the investigations of science on the researches of travelers. And of these there are many examples to be noticed in the course of this poem : as both the text and the notes have been printed with scarcely a single alteration from the strict letter of the original, though considerable omissions have in some parts been made in the latter.

The reader will bear in mind the time and circumstances in which this work was written : most of it having been completed before the year 1788, so that it was the product of the very first years of our National Independence. The author was but a youth, a resident in a small interior village, and had shared in the anxieties attendant on the war, from the peculiar situation in which he had been placed by the death of his father. To a heart and mind like his, the position he occupied, as the oldest son of a fatherless family, had many and engrossing trials. His widowed mother, with all her energy of character, naturally leaned upon him : while the warm mutual affection that prevailed among her children, must have been intermingled with many exercises of feelings to the eldest son. When all these things are taken into view, it cannot but excite surprise to see, in the productions of his pen, evidence of so extensive knowledge, sound thought and

laborious effort in the production of such a poem, with the record of so many of the materials of which it was framed.

But much else is indicated, which is not so formally displayed, particularly the amount of reading which he must have given to English poets, whose style he had insensibly adopted, often with a fluency, beauty and vigor, that would have done no discredit to some of the best of them. It is striking to reflect, that, many years before foreigners renounced the idea that America was unfavorable to the growth of taste, the "Charms of Fancy" should not only have been conceived, but completed: a poem in which many of the materials were drawn from English writers, and selected, compounded and used, with a degree of ingenuity, taste and poetical ability perhaps superior to any of their own poets of a similar class. Without any wish to overrate the merits of this work, we may ask our fellow-admirers of genuine English poetry to name a production of a similar kind and of superior merit.

THE
Charms of Fancy.



BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

INVOCATION to Fancy—Her powers over the Poet, Spenser; and the gifts she brings to Man. Fancy's Influence upon the Arts; inspires Painters; and wings aloft the Genius of the Muse. The soothing Charms of Music, and her power of subduing the Spirit of Affliction, Penury, or Dependence. The sway of Fancy over the Empire of Mind, in ruling alike the martial Youth and avaricious Miser; the poetic fire of Genius, and the restless ambition of the Daring. Then soaring grandly upon the wings of discovery; tempering the rule of Kings, or gently descending to domestic happiness, her powers are supreme. The varied charms of Fancy. Her Influence upon the Author; opens New Worlds of bliss to him—beautiful Landscapes; romantic Adventure; wild and fantastic Dreams; Elysian Scenes, with beauteous Groves, the frolics of lovely Maidens, and tuneful warbling of forest Songsters. A Churchyard Scene. The Bird of Sorrow. Phantoms, Spectres, Haggard Forms, and Monsters created by Fancy. Nature portrayed; her Vastness, Variety, and Beauty. Retrospective and prospective View of the Globe and its Inhabitants.

THE
CHARMS OF FANCY.

Book the first.

THOU visionary Pow'r, whose magic art
With boundless influence rules the feeling heart,
Whose potent charms can ev'ry sense control,
Acknowledg'd Empress of the Poet's soul :
To thee, thou source of animating song,
Fancy ! To thee my earliest lays belong.
My artless verse, my first attempts inspire,
And give my Muse to glow with all thy fire ;
Who dares, though conscious of the dangerous way,
O'er thy wide realm on vent'rous pinion stray.
Indulgent Pow'r, O, lend thy timely aid :
Come to my view in all thy charms array'd,

As erst o'er Spencer's infant form you hung,
His mind enraptur'd, and attun'd his tongue,
When Fairy-land, with all its magic throng,
First wak'd the visions of his future song.
Come with the raptur'd look, the heaven-turn'd eye,
In robes, loose-floating, of the rainbow's dye,
Thy auburn locks in careless beauty spread,
Thy crown of sun-beams glittering on thy head,
Thy golden wand, whose magic pow'r can raise
Th' events of past, and deeds of future days,
The gaudy dreams illusive Hope bestows,
The sable scenes Despair's dark mirror shows,
The Seraph forms that grace the seats of bliss,
Or hideous Fiends that darken hell's abyss.
Be present all thy visionary train,
That fire with life the Poet's glowing strain :
Soft sensibility in sorrow pale,
Hope sweetly smiling from her rosy veil,
Bright Mirth with laughing eye and careless heart,
Enchanting Pleasure and creative Art,
Young frolic Love in vest of vernal green,
And elder Friendship of sedater mien.

Prone to indulge in thy creations gay,
Long has my soul confest thy sovereign sway
E'en from that age, when blithe Contentment's power,
With April sunshine, deck'd youth's fleeting hour,
And, bright in Expectation's flattering ray,
The alluring future shone, one cloudless day ;
And still to thee thy humble votary pays,
In artless strains, his tributary praise ;
Reckless though sordid minds the task condemn,
The heavy sons of dulness and of phlegm,
Whose half-formed, lifeless souls, with stupid pride,
Mock Fancy's powers and Genius' toils deride ;
And, in the garb of Prudence masked, with zeal,
Decry those pleasures they can never feel.
From thee each nobler impulse springs to birth,
Each social virtue blooms with fairer worth,
Each sympathy attests thy high control,
Each keen sensation of the impassion'd soul ;
Love's ardent hopes, and tenderest ties are thine
And Friendship hails thee as its source divine.

Enchanting Parent of each liberal art,
The mind that graces and improves the heart,

Alone to thee their magic powers thy owe,
To thee alone the pleasures they bestow.

High in the foremost rank see Painting stand :
What bright creations rise at her command !
Nature's great rival in mimetic strife,
She bids the canvass glow with passion'd life.
Chain'd to yon' rock, ⁽¹⁾ whose rude o'erhanging steep
Throws a dark horror o'er the storm-tost deep,
Behold a female form, divinely fair !
Wild glare her eyes with phrenzy's fearful stare ;
The hurried glance, and eyeball's frantic roll,
Proclaim thy triumph, Madness ! o'er the soul :
Yet heavenly beauty 'midst distraction glows,
And a sad lustre e'en o'er horror throws.

Here Belisarius, o'er whose hoary age
The storms of Fortune shed their bitterest rage,
While lesson'd Grandeur hangs the pensive head,
Wretched and eyeless, asks a little bread ;
Yet looks the Hero 'mid his abject state,
Sublime in misery and in ruin great.

There opes in smiling skies a cheerful scene :
The peasants sporting on the village green,

Where, to the broken fiddle's well-known sound,
The rustic throng in awkward measures bound ;
Mix'd with discordant notes we seem to hear
The hoarse laugh breaking on the tortur'd ear.

Thou giv'st the Muse each passion to control,
With terror thrill, with glory fire the soul ;
To flush the cheek with indignation's glow,
And Pity's eye to melt in kindly woe :
In vain the Critic with phlegmatic rules,
Those servile fetters of fastidious schools,
Fashion'd by Prejudice, by Meanness wrought,
Would chain the ardor of her freeborn thought ;
On eagle-wings she tries the untempted height,
While Dulness' heavy eye in vain pursues her flight.

Thine Music's melting tones, her airs divine,
And her full soul of harmony are thine .
Wak'd by thy touch she bids the passions start,
Or calms the tempests of the woe-torn heart,
In mute suspension locks the mental powers,
And wafts the rapt soul to celestial bowers.

Tho' culture's force, or habit's varied sway,
May check thy ardor, or thy power display :

Thy birth deriv'd from no factitious source,
Alone from nature springs thy active force,
Connects with Genius, in the feeling breast,
In rapt'rous hour by fav'ring heaven imprest.
Not all the ills ⁽²⁾ that humble life await,
Penury's chill gloom, Dependance' abject state,
Improvement's want, Affliction's darkest hour,
Subdue thy spirit, or destroy thy power :
Nor in the groveling mind can toil bestow
Or favoring station wake thy genuine glow.

With various sway thou rul'st the various mind,
By temper modified, by art inclined ;
Thy magic mirror gives, in richest dye,
Its fav'rite wish to each illuded eye.
The dauntless youth, whom martial ardor warms,
Whom thirst of fame and proud distinction charms,
There views reflected, in the future bright,
The high rewards that valor's toils incite ;
Sees conquest follow where he leads the way,
And Glory round him bear her solar ray,
While chiefs renown'd, the darling sons of fame,
Yield to the brighter splendors of his name.

Ambition there beholds, in rich array, [sway ;
Grandeur's meridian height, and Power's unbounded
Sees regal wreaths adorn his haughty brow,
Submissive realms in fearful homage bow,
O'er foreign climes his vast domain extend,
And crowns and sceptres on his nod depend.
And, tho' in Avarice' more than Arctic night,
Thy smother'd flame scarce gleams a feeble light ;
Yet e'en the miser, 'midst his heaps of ore,
Owns the strong magic of thy boundless power,
When, with anticipation's airy hold,
He grasps in vision countless sums of gold.

But in full force, with influence unconfin'd,
Thou hold'st dominion o'er the Poet's mind,
Fir'd by thy touch divine, in brightest hue,
Each varied object meets his raptur'd view :
A lovelier dress the face of Nature shows,
Inspir'd with warmer life creation glows,
Far richer tints the robes of May adorn,
More splendid glories paint the blush of morn,
Sublimity a grander mein assumes,
And loveliness in fairer beauty blooms ;

While scenes of wonder to his view arise
And all Elysium opens on his eyes.

The hope-flush'd youth, whom views sublime inspire
Whose glowing bosom boasts thy genuine fire,
Oft while unheeded pass the scenes of life,
Pleasure's mad chase or Gain's o'ertoiling strife,
Careless alike if Spring, with blossoms crown'd,
Beams her gay smile, if Summer laughs around,
If russet Autumn bends the blushing bough,
Or howling Winter whirls the drifts of snow,
In thy strong spell confin'd, as, rapture-fraught,
Peculiar feelings sway the tide of thought,
Now shines in arms terrific o'er the plains
Where Horror frowns, and Death in triumph reigns,
Points the grim battle's rage, and joys to dare
The fiercest furies of unsparring war.
His matchless prowess turns the scale of fight,
And valor trembling shrinks before his might;
Where'er he moves whole ranks with slaughter gor'd
Roll in wild heaps before his matchless sword,
While mad Revenge pursues the haggard train,
Gores their pale flight, and crimsons o'er the plain.

Now proudly rais'd on Grandeur's loftiest height
In all the blaze of sovereign splendor bright,
Like that glad Orb, whose life-inspiring beam
Through vast Creation wakes the genial flame,
With godlike pleasure from his bounteous hand
Dispensing blessings on a smiling land,
Shines the lov'd author of each useful plan,
Of arts the patron and the friend of man ;
Opes the rich stores of learning's copious spring,
And bids Discovery lift a bolder wing ;
His cheering rays illume the wintry shade,
In cold neglect where modest worth is laid,
With fostering warmth give genius' buds to rise
And spread their blossoms to indulgent skies,
While grateful hearts a glad obeisance own,
His people's love the basis of his throne.
Where late fell Tyranny with gore defil'd,
In fiend-like pleasure o'er his murders smil'd,
And ruffian Licence with unbridled might,
Boldly profan'd the sacred name of right,
His equal laws extend their blissful power,
Life to protect and property secure.

No more in nuptial loves the blooming bride,
Torn from her fond distracted lover's side
By Lust's stern force with unavailing cries,
Invokes the slumbering vengeance of the skies ;
No more the native at the midnight hour,
Fears the dark ruffians arm'd with regal power,
Or views, aghast with horror and dismay,
His all to harpy violence a prey,
And while mad Riot revels o'er the prize,
Hangs o'er his famish'd babes, despairs and dies.
Where late wild Havoc with his ruthless train,
Mark'd with sterility the cultur'd plain,
Lo ! wide-spread fields in ripening pomp unfold,
And to the breezes wave their seas of gold ;
The spireless heath in sun-scorch'd brownness drear
Smiles a green mead, and hails the auspicious year ;
In fragrant pride, fruit, bending groves expand,
And a new Eden blossoms o'er the land.

Or now, as schemes of less ambition fire,
Wrapt with the music of the Poet's lyre,
High in the list of song he stand's enroll'd,
Amid the sires of verse, the bards sublime of old ;

While every muse auspicious, o'er his lays
Pours the full splendor of poetic praise,
And Wit and Genius, round his brows divine,
In union bright, their blooming laurels twine.

Or, charm'd with private life's domestic scene,
Its social circle and its joys serene,
Happy in love-form'd union with the fair,
The beauteous object of his tenderest care,
With affluence crown'd, with mild contentment blest,
Of heaven's best gift, a feeling heart, possest,
His kind compassion yields the poor relief,
And wipes the tear-drop from the cheek of Grief;
Bids pale Dejection raise the languid eye,
And dumb Despair repress the anguish'd sigh.
A few lov'd friends, with genius, learning grac'd,
Of kindred manners and congenial taste,
His frequent hours with sprightly converse crown,
And make each social bliss peculiarly his own.
His are the joys that nature's scenery yields,
His are the health-fraught pleasures of the fields;
When the shrill cock awakes his matin cries,
And light's first dawns break o'er eastern skies,

Oft with his dog and gun he joys to stray,
'Mid the pale twilight of uncertain day,
O'er the thin furze-clad heath, the hillock brown,
Near the brush-hedge, with frequent briars o'er-
grown,
Through the rough thicket, pearl'd with trembling
dew,
While with light steps he darts a heedful view,
Where, cowering close beneath the friendly wood,
The Quail or Partridge hides her timorous brood ;
Or where the mist, in snowy volumes, spreads
Its shrouding mantle o'er the liliated meads ;
Each reedy cove, each wonted haunt explores,
Along the windings of the fenny shores,
Where 'mid the bending rush, and colts-foot broad,
The Teal and Mallard wanton o'er the flood ;
Or crested Wood-duck, ⁽³⁾ rich in all the dyes
That tinge the fleecy robes of venal skies.

Thus in thy musings wild, the raptur'd breast
Partakes each varied bliss by man possest ;
Shines in each different walk of changeful life,
In cool retirement's vale, in active strife ;

Each glory shares that splendid station knows,
Each placid joy that private life bestows,
While glows the visionary prospect fair,
Nor gloom'd with sorrow, nor o'ercast with care ;
For thy bright scenes no gathering clouds deform,
That o'er the real hang the frequent storm.

Oft has my bosom, in the gloomy hour,
Own'd the strong influence of thy soothing power ;
Oft have thy warm creations, rising bright,
With noon-day radiance deck'd the shades of night ;
In thy wild visions lost, with reckless toil,
Oft have I wander'd many a wildering mile,
O'er flowery meadows, o'er the sunburnt hill,
Through waving woods, or darkly winding dell,
When blaz'd the mid-day from his fervent throne,
When eastern hills with moon's pale glim'rings shone,
And o'er extended meads, in wreathings white,
The cold-breath'd mist, slow-spreading on the sight,
Look'd a vast lake, where groups of poplars show'd,
Like isles dim-gleaming through a watery cloud ;
Hung o'er the cliff, from whose dark, beetling brow
Pegardless Danger eyes the storm below ;

Along the river's pebbly shore have stray'd,
When eve approach'd, in threat'ning glooms array'd,
While flocks of swallows o'er the surface throng,
Just dip the wing, and twittering, skim along ;
And, heav'd without a breeze, the conscious wave,
In sounds low-murmuring, signs of tempest gave ;
Scarce heeding aught, the landscapes varied scene,
Morn's grey-veil'd brow, or evening's cloudy mien,
As rose thy fairy scenes by rapture drest,
And every glowing nerve thy power confest.

(4) Now, fir'd by tale of Knight or Hero old,
In wild romance or fabling legend told ;
When wak'd to life, with brightest hues portray'd,
In tears all-winning, rose some hapless maid
To the dire gloom of Terror's lonely tower,
Confined by magic art, and giant power,
O'er dreary wastes, the regions of dismay,
O'er ghost-frequented fens have held my fancied sway.
Struggling through broken clouds, the lamp of night,
Reluctant sheds a melancholy light :
Now in full splendors from the glooms releas'd,
Gilds the wild horrors of the dismal waste,

Now swift retiring, hid in doubling clouds,
In ten-fold darkness every object shrouds.
Far seen, wild frowning o'er the sullen moor,
The Giant's castle lifts its ramparts hoar.
The time-struck towers seem tottering to their fall,
In frequent breaches yawns the rifted wall;
Slow opes, reluctant yielding to my power,
The massy gate, grating with hideous roar;
O'er the still dome the startling echoes roll,
Loud as when thunder rends the reddening pole :
Resolv'd I enter,—a blue magic flame,
Slow gliding onward, casts a dismal gleam.
By the faint livid light what scenes unfold !
Scenes at which Fancy's curdling blood runs cold :
The crimson-dropping walls, the treacherous floor,
With corpses lin'd, and wet with human gore ;
Around the bloody hall with ghastly stare,
Thin shadowy forms in pale succession glare ;
With mournful looks the deathly train draws near,
And shriek their warnings in my tortur'd ear ;
Amid the rest a wither'd form appears,
His grief-plough'd visage stain'd with wasting tears,

Waving his hand :—" O fly !" The phantom cries,
" Who e'er approaches to these walls, he dies !
" Say, wretched mortal ! Art thou hither come,
" To share our fate, and find a certain tomb ?
" Or can thy pride indulge this senseless hope,
" With magic powers and giant strength to cope ?
" These ghastly forms that crowd this haunted room,
" Whose knelling shrieks prelude thy horrid doom,
" Like thee, advent'rous, dar'd these perils brave,
" And here their rashness found untimely grave ;
" Doom'd to the same sad fate, thou too must fall,
" Thy mangled corse pollute the trophied wall !"
Vanish the flames,—now, all is night profound ;
Deep tolls the turret bell a sullen sound,
Thrilling upon the heart. In chill dismay
O'er mangled limbs I grope my dreary way,
While each dire echo, murmuring thro' the gloom,
Sounds like the ghostly warnings of the tomb.
Rous'd at the unusual noise and hollow tread,
Starts the huge Giant from his iron bed ;
Clad in bright arms he rears his monstrous size,
Revenge indignant flashing from his eyes :—

But vain his ponderous mace, his steely arms,
His size immense, his necromantic charms,
And more than human strength,—in bloody strife,
The caitiff falls, and yields his forfeit life.
The spells dissolve,—wide fly the iron doors,
Through the dark dungeon light unusual pours;
From its deep cells, the walks of pale despair,
Beyond all hope retrieved, I lead the Fair,
And to her long-lost lover's raptur'd arms,
Conduct her blushing in the pride of charms.

Now o'er Elysian scenes have held my way,
Such as the wizard's potent spell obey;
Whose charms to sing, whose various beauties paint,
Weak were the Poet's lays, the Painter's colors faint.
Fretted with gold, here gem-bright domes expand
Their beauteous wonders o'er enchanted land;
Here gardens bloom, in spring's luxuriance warm,
By liberal Nature deck'd in every charm,
Whose lucid streams, in tuneful mazes roll'd,
"O'er rocks of chrystal and o'er sands of gold,"
Here in smooth lakes, blue skies reflecting sleep,
There in cascades white hurry o'er the steep,

Or in jets d'eau their waves high-streaming throw,
And mock the beauties of the painted bow.
Here spar-roof'd grottos beam a placid light;
Here, wreath'd with woodbine, myrtle bowers invite;
The orange walk here spreads its grateful glooms,
The fragrant clove unfolds its crimson blooms,
The cinnamon, with spicy sweetness crown'd,
Wav'd by the Zephyr, breathes her odours round;
(⁶) And groves, with gold and silver foliage gay,
Bend their bright boughs, and sparkle to the day.
Beneath, each flower that scents the vernal skies,
Crowns the rich verdure with innumerable dyes;
In playful droves, the kid and tender fawn
Sport, lightly-bounding o'er the spangled lawn;
Or, wanton peering in the streamlet clear,
Start to behold a kindred face appear.
Here lovely maids, in snow-white silk array'd,
Range o'er the mead, recline beneath the shade;
Or, lur'd by sport, by frolic wildness fir'd,
Apart from ken of prying eye retir'd,
Beneath the chrystal wave their beauties hide,
And now emerging gambol o'er the tide,

Or laughing dart to shore, in cheerful play,
And near the banks in bright procession stray.
In rounds of pleasure, free from grief's alloy,
Flit their gay moments on the wings of joy ;
While every songster wakes his tuneful notes,
And wide around the soul of music floats,
Ring the wild warblings o'er the echoing grove,
And all is beauty, melody and love.

Thus, frequent rapt from morn to eve, I've strayed,
Regardless whither, through the woodland shade ;
And reckless view'd the sun's departing ray,
"Gilding the purple edge of closing day,"
Stretch the tall shadow of the trees afar ;
Nor yet retir'd when beam'd the evening star ;
Or, thron'd in full-orb'd majesty serene,
The pale moon, pensive, smiling o'er the scene,
Through op'ning boughs a trembling lustre play'd,
And softest silver chequer'd o'er the shade ;
Till, from the dodder'd stump, or moss-clad stone,
Whence through the night she pours her dismal moan,
While glimmer near the half-seen Church-yard throng,
The ⁶ Bird of sorrow wak'd her funeral song.

Swift at the boding sound, the deathful cry,
The charms all vanish, and the beauties fly ;
In quick succession hideous shapes arise,
And half-formed phantoms flit before my eyes ;
While hollow groans my startled ear assail,
And shriek the spectres on the passing gale.
Now frowns, in terror's eye, a scene of fear,
A ruin'd pile, lone, desolate and drear ;
Where, veil'd in midnight glooms, the sisters old
Unhallow'd rites and nameless orgies hold.
Around yon lamp, whose solitary light
Casts a dire paleness o'er surrounding night,
Lo ! Where the haggard forms, with gore defil'd,
Writhe their blue lips, and roll their red eyes wild,
Low muttering o'er the sounds, whose potent spell
Calls up the dead, and bursts the gates of hell,
While, to their charms submissive, hover near
Monsters that want a name, the hideous brood of Fear.

Oft have I rang'd o'er nature's wide domain,
And viewed the secrets of her ancient reign ;
Where the dread Power, retir'd in central earth,
Moves Life's first springs and calls her atoms forth ;

Explor'd the caverns of the rocky mine,
Where ripening gems in infant lustre shine,
Where glows the Gold in majesty of day,
And milder Silver beams the evening ray ;
Have view'd, deep-sunk beneath old Ocean's waves,
The pearly treasures of her coral caves,
Where wealth immense, wide-spread in slighted heaps,
The spoil of nations and of ages, sleeps ;
O'er realms of snow, on daring pinions whirl'd,
Survey'd the cheerless limits of the world ;
The northern Pole, the ice-surrounded coast,
Lock'd in the rigors of eternal frost ;
The straits impassable, where winter's hand
In thankless fetters chains the neighboring land ;
Where rocks of ice on rocks of ice sublime,
The growth of ages since primeval time,
O'er the white-sailing clouds high-raised in air,
(7) Gleam bright in lucid green, and cast a chilling glare.
When, from the bosom cold of half-year night,
The Sun returning brings enlivening light,
And, slowly circling round the polar sky,
O'er the white verge just lifts his sparkling eye,

The emerald cliffs like fires wide-spreading glow,
And shine far-glittering o'er th' eternal snow ;
Beamed from their sides the sunny splendors play,
And give new brightness to the Artic day.
Close screen'd in caves beneath their wintry sky,
Where chill Kamschatka's torpid natives lie ;
Where the fierce Tartar leads his roving bands,
O'er Amor's banks, or Karakathai's sands ;
Or where the Baikal ⁽⁸⁾ spreads, in grandeur lone,
His *sacred* waters o'er a world unknown,
Have held my way ; and now excursive soar
O'er Nootka's floods, and bleak Anadir's shore ;
O'er the vast Western world where nature reigns
Sublimely awful 'mid uncultur'd plains,
And grim in painted tribes, the tawny throng
Pour the dire shriek and raise the deathful song.
Where storm-tost Erie and Ontario rave,
Where the wild ⁽⁹⁾ Huron rolls its freezeless wave ;
From its dark mountain cliffs sublimely rude,
Where Niagara heaves the raging flood
In one broad sheet of foam, while far around,
Woods, hills and vales repeat the thund'ring sound ;

Where great Superior, mid surrounding wilds,
Boasts the rich scenery of his thousand isles,
And bids his ocean waves from eye impure
The Mighty ⁽¹⁰⁾ Spirit's lov'd recess secure ;
Or where Missouri, through sequester'd woods,
And trackless deserts, leads his swelling flood ;
Or Mississippi rolls his sovereign tide,
Or fair Ohio's mazy waters glide.
Hail lovely River! "Pride of future song!"
Bright as thou roll'st thy wildering waves along,
With what luxuriance vast thy banks are crown'd,
In nature's charms what beauty smiles around,
In savage grandeur frown what scenes sublime,
And what enchantments mark thy magic clime.
Here time-worn forests lift an awful shade,
O'er ancient ⁽¹¹⁾ forts in lonely ruin laid,
Whose finish'd form and regular design,
Where geometric art and skill combine,
Proclaim that erst, in war's proud science skill'd,
This desert tract a powerful people fill'd,
Of e'en whose name no record now appears,
Lost in the ocean of revolving years ;

Far different race from those barbarians rude,
By arts ne'er polish'd, nor by laws subdued,
Whose unsubmitting souls, with sternest pride,
Exult in death and torture's pangs deride,
In countless tribes far-spreading to the shores,
Where his broad wave the vast Pacific pours.
Here, midst savannah's vast of waving green,
Where not a tree diversifies the scene,
Mansoleums ⁽¹²⁾ rude the tombs of nations swell,
In frequent hillocks o'er the grass-grown dell.
Lo ! op'd to view, the bursting heaps display
Their dark recesses to the eye of day :
The deep concealments of the unknown dead,
Where bones ⁽¹³⁾ of giant size on bones are spread ;
While o'er them bending, with enraptur'd eyes,
Stands Admiration, fix'd in deep surprise.
Hence dark conjecture weaves her dubious veil,
And wild Invention forms her fairy tale
Of Cambrian hosts by princely Madoc led,
Of Jewish tribes from stern oppression fled,
When proud Assyria stretch'd her iron sway,
And saw the trembling East her nod obey.

NOTES TO THE FIRST BOOK.

¹ "Chained to yon rock." These lines allude to a painting by an American artist which possesses an uncommon degree of merit.

² "Not all the ills that humble life await, &c." These reflections were principally suggested from having read in the *European Magazine* for the year 1786 or 1787—an extract from the first poems of that inimitable minstrel of nature, Burns, accompanied with a short and interesting account of the author.

³ "Or crested Wood-duck." This highly beautiful and graceful bird, is strikingly distinguished from others of its genus, by the richness and elegant distribution of its colors, by its long waving crest of green and purple intermixed with white, beautifully contrasted with its bright yellow and scarlet bill, and eyes that have the appearance of a coal of fire.

⁴ "Now fir'd by tale of Knight, &c." The writer, in this place, readily acknowledges his obligation to the Fragment of Sir Bertrand: but to the Library of the ingenious author of the *Village* is he principally indebted, who, after a long silence and apparent consignment to oblivion, has recently received that reward of public applause which his distinguished talents so richly merit. The countenance of such respectable authority has determined me on the retention of this passage, which my matured judgment might otherwise have induced me to reject.

⁵ "And groves with gold and silver foliage gay." At the Cape of Good-Hope are forests of a peculiar kind of tree, called the Gold and

Silver trees, the leaves of which resemble those metals in color and splendor.—Voyage to Mauritius.

* “Bird of sorrow.” By this appellation I have thought proper to designate the Whipperwill, a species of the Goatsucker, whose mournfully monotonous and funeral note appear to me to justify the term.

† “Gleam bright in lucid green.” The glaciers or cliffs of ice in the frozen ocean exhibit a splendid appearance, being of a vivid green, and rivalling the emerald in color and lustre.

The following Picturesque Description of the Icebergs in the Frozen Ocean is extracted from the Universal Magazine for 1785:—

The forms assumed by the ice in this chilling climate are extremely pleasing to even the most incurious eye. The surface of that which is congealed from the sea-water, for I must allow it two origins, is flat and even, hard, opaque, resembling white sugar, and incapable of being slid on like common ice. The greater pieces, or fields, are many leagues in length; the lesser are the meadows of the seals, on which they sport by hundreds at a time. The motion of the lesser pieces is as rapid as the currents. The greater, which are sometimes two hundred leagues long, and sixty or eighty broad, move slow and majestically; often fix themselves for a time immoveable by the force of the ocean, and then produce near the horizon that bright white appearance, called by mariners the blink of the ice. The approximation of two great fields produces a most singular phenomenon; it forces the lesser out of the water and adds it to its surface; a second and often a third succeeds, the whole forming an aggregate of a tremendous height. These float in the sea like so many rugged mountains, and are sometimes five or six hundred yards thick, the far greater part of which is concealed beneath the water. These are continually increased in height by the freezing of the spray of the sea, or the melting of the snow which falls upon them. Those which remain in this climate receive continual growth, others are gradually wafted by the northern winds into southern latitudes. The collision of the great fields of ice,

in high latitudes, is often attended with a noise, that for a time takes away the sense of hearing anything else, and the lesser with a grinding of unspeakable horror. The water, which dashes against the mountainous ice, freezes into an infinite variety of forms, and gives the voyager ideal towns, streets, churches, steeples, and every shape that imagination can frame. The Icebergs of Spitzbergen are among the principal wonders of the country; they are seven in number, but at considerable distances from one another; each fills the vallies for tracts unknown in a region totally inaccessible in the internal parts. One of them exhibits over the sea a front three hundred feet high, emulating the emerald in color; cataracts of melted snow precipitate themselves down various parts, and black spiring mountains, streaked with white, bound the sides, and rise, crag above crag, as far as the eye can reach in the back ground. At times immense fragments break off and tumble into the water, with an alarming noise. A piece of this vivid green substance has fallen, and grounded in twenty-four fathoms of water, and spired above the surface fifty feet. Frost sports also with these Icebergs, and gives them majestic as well as the most singular forms. Masses have been seen which assumed the shape of a Gothic church, with arched windows and doors, and all the rich tracery of that style, composed of what an Arabian tale would scarcely dare to relate, of crystal of the richest sapphirine blue; tables with one or more feet; and often immense flat-roofed temples, like those of Luxor, supported by round transparent columns of cœrulean hue, float by the astonished spectator.

* "Lake Baikal." The country, says M. Pullas, a little beyond the Lake Baical, produces the wild horse, called in the Mongul Dhiggetei. They were formerly seen in herds of from ten to thirty or upwards, but they are now rarely to be found except singly. The Dhiggetei is neither a horse nor an ass, but an intermediate species. Its form is handsomer than that of the mule; he is very slender and light, has fine limbs, a wild and sprightly air, and his skin is furnished with a good coat of hair. His ears (though long,) are better propor-

tioned, shorter and straighter than those of the mule. The head is somewhat heavy, and the hoofs resemble those of the ass. He has also two other imperfections which injure his appearance, a long and square back, and a tail like that of a cow ; his head is large, his breast broad and square below, and his chest somewhat contracted ; his short and frizzled mane is like that of the ass ; his shoulders are narrow, and as well as the breast less fleshy than those of the horse ; his rump is more slender ; all his limbs are thin but pretty high ; his hair is a pretty bright brownish yellow, and the mane and tail are blackish ; the whole spine of the back is marked with a handsome stripe of dark brown, a little broader at the small of the back, and considerably narrower near the tail. He carries his head very straight, and when he runs, his nose is in the air. It is asserted that the Dhiggetei surpasses all other animals in swiftness, and that the best horse is no match for him ; he is extremely shy and can be taken or shot only by stratagem. All attempts that have been hitherto made to tame and domesticate this animal have proved unsuccessful.

The Lake Baical in Tartary is between four and five hundred miles in extent, but of very unequal breadth, not generally exceeding one hundred miles. The waters of this large lake are fresh ; it is deep throughout, and abounds with excellent fish. The natives entertain a superstitious veneration for it, and have denominated it the Sacred Sea.

* "Where the wild Huron rolls its freezeless wave." This is not peculiar to the Huron, but may be considered as equally applicable to all the larger lakes, which are never frozen, except around the shores and in the bays.

10 "The Mighty Spirit's lov'd recess." The principal island in Lake Superior is supposed by the Indians to be the favorite residence of the Great Spirit.

11 "O'er ancient forts." Remains of ancient fortifications, constructed agreeably to the modern principles of the art, have been

within a few years past discovered in the country, bordering on the Ohio, on whose parapets were trees, some of which measured four feet in diameter.

12 "Mausoleums rude, &c." These tumuli are not unfrequently met with on the vast plains of the Ohio; they are filled with human bones, some of which are said to be of an extraordinary size. On opening some of them, bracelets of copper and other ornaments have been found.

13 "Where bones of giant size." The bones found in these tumuli, some of which are said to be of extraordinary size, must not, however, be confounded with those occasionally found dispersed in various parts of this country, but more particularly in a small salt pond, commonly called the Big-Bone Lick, and which are supposed to have belonged to an animal now extinct, known from the traditionary accounts of the natives by the name of the Mammoth. This account has been detailed at length by a celebrated philosophical writer of our own country; but without enquiring what degree of dependence, if any, is to be placed on an Indian tradition, not improbably of recent fabrication, when we take into consideration the inclination of those people to mislead and deceive the whites respecting their country, the bones and the teeth in themselves afford the most incontestible evidence of the existence, at some remote period, of a race of animals in this country, surpassing the elephant in size. A friend of the author, who had resided a long time in the country on the banks of the Ohio, and who had examined with care its most remarkable productions, informed him on a visit a few years since to this part of the country, that he had in his possession a tooth of this animal which weighed between eleven and twelve pounds, and which he supposed to have been an incisor, as it was long and of a different form from any other that he had met with. In relating the manner in which the bones were found in the Lick above mentioned, where he had employed some soldiers who were with him in collecting some, he observed that there happened to be with him at the time—an

Indian belonging to the Seneca tribe or one of the Six Nations, and that when one of the soldiers first brought to him one of the teeth from the pond in which he had been groping, he showed it to the Indian, at the same time making him comprehend what it was, and enquiring if he knew how it came there. The man was at first so wholly incredulous on the subject that he would not be satisfied that it was not a trick to impose upon him, until he had procured one of the same kind himself by actual search, which, though of considerable weight, he carefully deposited in his frock in order to carry it home and exhibit it to his countrymen, declaring at the same time most solemnly, that he had never till then heard of such an animal, and that there was no account or tradition of anything like it among the Six Nations. "From this circumstance," said the officer, "together with what an old Shawanese chief had previously told me, I was led fully to conclude that not only such an animal was unknown by tradition to the Six Nations, but that it was equally so to the Shawanese, Delawares, Miamis and other tribes, at present occupying that part of the country, in or near which these remains are found. 'Indeed,' continued he, 'it is not to these who are but in a manner the people of yesterday that we must look for any real tradition on this subject; it is to the descendants of those nations who, previous to the first European Settlements on our Coast, inhabited these regions, and who, if they exist, will be found in the remotest western wilds, having been forced off by the other nations, as they have been successively driven westward by the Whites. He promised on his next visit, which he did not intend to have delayed long, to bring the remarkable tooth which was in his possession with him. Alas! he was destined never to return to his friends. Shortly after, rejoining the army, he was appointed second-in-command on the unfortunate expedition under General Harmer. He fell bravely at the head of his troops on the plains of the Miami in attacking the savages. In him fell the kind and generous friend, the brave soldier, the accomplished scholar, and the man of scientific research and investigation.' "

THE
Charms of Fancy.



BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

REFLECTIONS on the Power of Change.—Present rudeness and refinement of several countries, compared with their former state. Refinement of Manners, and Progress of Literature in America. Trumbull, Dwight, and Barlow. The country upon the Ohio. The scene of the misfortunes of the American Armies, and the first exploits of General Washington. Western shores of America. Pacific Ocean. Otaheitee. New Holland. Reflections on Man. New Zealand. Death of Captain Marion. Battle between the New Zealanders and the Crew of a French Ship. Voyages of Captain Cook. Apostrophe to Captain Cook. South America. Mexico and Peru; The Andes; The Condor; The rivers Orinoco and Amazon. Interior of Africa. Personification of Death and his attendants. The Lion, the Anaconda, &c. Barbarous nations inhabiting the interior. The Gallas, Jaggas, &c. Countries on the Coast. Whidda; Congo; River Senegal; Gambia; Boabab Tree. Slight mention of Europe; whence the author passes to Asia. Japan. General sketch of the manners of the inhabitants. China. City of Nankin; Porcelain Tower. Confucius, the Chinese Philosopher. Perfection of the Arts in China. Reverence entertained for the Laws by the Chinese. Their strict observance of Filial Duties. Reflections suggested by their national character. Great Wall of China. Tartarian Eruption and Conquest.

THE
CHARMS OF FANCY.

Sink the Proud.

How vast the power of Change! each passing day
Confirms her empire and extends her sway.

Wide o'er the earth she spreads despotic powers,
Now lifts with hope, or with dejection lowers,
Now bids the vernal beams of pleasure play,
With sorrow's wintry cloud now veils the glittering
ray.

Here mighty realms, with wealth, with grandeur
crown'd,

Whose sovereign sway far-distant nations own'd,
At her stern mandate, fled each former boast,
Sink, in the whelming waves of Ruin lost :

While petty states, of low, ignoble name,
She lifts to empire and adorns with fame.

O'er lands where polish'd Culture beam'd her rays,
And spreading Science pour'd her brightest blaze,
In barbarous pride now Ignorance profound
Throws the dark shades of native night around ;
While climes, late plung'd in rudeness' deepest glooms,
Refinement's sun with cheering ray illumines.

Lo Egypt's realms ! where first the dawning light
Of new-born science burst the veil of night,
Beneath the yoke of vilest Ignorance groan,
Unknown to social love, to laws unknown ;
Savage her sons, whose base, perfidious minds
No science softens, and no honor binds ;
While Russian wilds, in former days alone
For manners rude and brutal fierceness known,
Whence o'er fair Italy the barbarous throng
In floods of ruin roll'd their course along,
Now in Refinement's brightening splendors glow,
And fair with Art's unfolding roses blow.

E'en here, where late unknown to Culture's hand,
Thy glooms, Columbia ! spread the savage land,
O'er whose wild walks, whose unfrequented shade,
The Indian sole, rude son of Nature, stray'd ;

low cultur'd plains extend, and cities smile,
and polish'd manners grace the favor'd soil :
begrim'd with blood where erst the savage fell
hriek'd the wild war-whoop with infernal yell,
The Muses sing ; lo ! Trumbull wakes the lyre,
With all the fervor of poetic fire.

uperior Poet ! in whose classic strain
a bright accordance wit and fancy reign ;
Whose powers of genius, in their ample range,
omprise each subject and each tuneful change,
ach charm of melody to Phœbus dear,
The grave, the gay, the tender and severe.
Majestic Dwight, sublime in epic strain,
aints the fierce horrors of the crimson'd plain ;
and, in Virgilian Barlow's tuneful lines
With added splendor, great Columbus shines.

Nor less o'er Nature spreads her high control :
few lands she bids extend, new oceans roll ;
Here plains to mountains swell'd aspiring rise,
and lift their snow-crown'd summits to the skies ;
While here, as o'er them wasting time prevails,
The humbled mountains sink to lowly vales.

Where once proud cities rose in spiry pride,
Now rolls the surgy deep its billows wide,
And midst their palaces and gorgeous domes
Sea-monsters revel, and the Mermaid ⁽¹⁾ roams ;
Insidious foe of all, in ambush dark,
On death intent, there lurks th' un pitying Shark,
There poisonous Rays and chill Torpedoes swarm,
And the dread Sepia ⁽²⁾ spreads his hideous form.
The ⁽³⁾ Sea-snake there his proud dominion holds,
Waves his white mane, and coils his monstrous folds.
While erst, where Ocean ⁽⁴⁾ spread his dark-blue waves,
And branching coral reddened o'er the caves,
Now in green pride tall forests rear the head,
And yellow harvests gild the waving mead.
O'er those once sea-wash'd vales, those shelly rocks,
The simple shepherd drives his bleating flocks,
And far from shrinking ocean's storm-beat shore,
Ne'er view'd the sea, "or heard the billows roar."

And now, so long divergent from her way,
Mid fairy realms and primal worlds to stray,
Allur'd, the Muse resumes her pristine theme,
And hangs delighted o'er Ohio's stream.

Mid these fair scenes, array'd in summer's bloom,
Where wilds of fragrance breathe a glad perfume,
And bright with every flower of richest hues,
One vast parterre, ⁽⁶⁾ each beauteous prairie shews;
Too oft in fatal strife the bloody plain
Has blush'd, Columbia! with thy heroes slain,
While o'er their mangled forms the savage smil'd,
And songs of triumph shook the echoing wild.
Here, patriot Chief! commenc'd thy first essay,
The morning promise of thy glorious day!
What time the foe their fatal ambush spread,
And Britain yielded, while her general bled:
Here first that martial genius shone display'd,
Destin'd in future time thy country's aid,
When stern injustice bade her gloomy band
In blood and ruin whelm the hapless land,
Oppression in his car exulting sate,
And Freedom trembled for Columbia's fate.
In thee thy country owns, with grateful pride,
Her shield in war, in peace her surest guide.
Long, generous Patriot! may that country share
Thy prudent councils, and thy guardian care;

Long happy in thy rule, in peace maintain
Those various blessings which she bled to gain ;
While, borne to distant lands, thy deeds sublime
Shall brighten as they mark the page of time,
And ages yet unborn, with glad acclaim,
Pronounce a Washington's illustrious name.

These scenes luxuriant left, mine eyes survey
The shores far-distant of descending day,
Where setting Phœbus, bright in parting smiles,
Beams his last splendors o'er the western isles.

Lo! where a golden plain in sun-bright pride,
The vast Pacific spreads her slumbering tide ;
O'er her smooth breast what numerous islands rise,
And gladdening smile beneath their blissful skies!

Here Otaheitee, ⁽⁶⁾ beauty's favorite soil,
Sees Love in triumph revel o'er her isle :
Hail, happy climate ! o'er whose joyous plains,
In genial pomp, exulting Nature reigns ;
Hail, happy people ! to whose lot are given
The brightest favors of indulgent heaven.
Here, no cold blasts of calumny annoy,
No clouds of coyness chill the buds of joy,

But the warm wish disdains concealment's art,
And love is nature springing from the heart.

Wide o'er the immense of seas, in southern skies,
Within itself a world, ⁽⁷⁾ New Holland lies ;
Shrouded in woods, in all the pomp sublime
Of nature's wildness, frowns the gloomy clime ;
Where pensive Solitude, romantic maid,
Sits undisturb'd in robes of grey array'd,
And views, mild pleasure trembling in her eye,
Her favorite Kangaroo ⁽⁸⁾ light-bounding nigh.
Here, no gay bands in mirth their hours employ,
No vales resound the notes of festive joy,
No cheerful pipe, or soft-alluring song,
Wakes the brisk dance, or charms the sprightly throng,
No hamlets smile, no fields in culture gay
The first faint steps of social life display ;
Scarce trod by man, it frowns, a dreary scene,
Where wears humanity its rudest mien,
And where, to nature's simplest wants confin'd,
No thirst of knowledge ⁽⁹⁾ marks the improving mind.
A few vile huts, in straggling lonesness strewed,
Scarce made for shelter, hide the wretched brood.

Here see, oh Man! how low thy vaunted pride ;
Thee from the brute what narrow bounds divide.
Thy vast pre-eminence o'er all, how vain :
The empty vision of an idle brain !
What regal marks, by forming power imprest,
Designate thee the Sovereign of the rest ?
Rude in their origin, how near, we find,
Approach the human to the bestial kind.
The same wild appetites in either sway,
Each follows blind, as instinct points the way,
Impell'd by lust, or hunger's ruthless power,
Now propagate their kind, and now devour.
Is this the period—theme of lavish praise—
The age of innocence, the golden days ?
The often-envied time by poets sung,
“ When nature triumph'd, and the world was young ;”
All arts alike unknown, while brutal man
Wild with his fellows of the forest ran,
Stranger to thought, with reason scarce endued,
And glean'd from woods and streams his scanty food !
Yes! these the scenes that oft have fir'd the Muse,
Scenes deck'd by Fancy in her brightest hues.

Here Terror, listening to the billowy roar,
Spreads her black pinions o'er New Zealand's shore,
And views with grim delight her dark-eyed band,
Thick-seam'd with gashes, prowl around the strand ;
In all the fierceness of rude nature drest,
Nor rul'd by reason, nor by laws repress,
Unknown the tender, sympathetic glow,
Unknown the tear that melts at human wo,
Unknown philanthropy's exalted zeal,
Alone thy gloomy joys, Revenge, they feel. [penn'd,

By seeming friendship's treacherous lure tre-
Thy blood, O Marion ! ⁽¹⁰⁾ stain'd the barbarous land,
Thick o'er the beach the wondering natives pour,
With eager eye the stranger band explore,
In savage kindness with each other vie,
Proffer their aid, and all their wants supply ;
While every face, in smiles of welcome drest,
Conceals the hatred rankling in the breast.
Lull'd by false calms, from dread of danger free,
Caution oft sleeps on Ruin's flattering sea ;
O'er the wild plain, or through the frowning grove,
In straggling bands the careless strangers rove,

Boldly secure, unjealous of their wiles,
Nor deem that murder lurks beneath their smiles.
Meanwhile the tribes, with bloody hopes elate,
Silent conven'd, in secret ambush wait.
Sudden the dismal yell resounds afar,
And the hoarse clamors speak the savage war ;
Furious as tigers, fir'd by thirst of gore,
Dark from their shades the frowning warriors pour,
Whelm the weak train, opprest with wild dismay,
And grin exulting o'er their mangled prey.
Now wide around triumphal flames aspire,
Red glows through night the melancholy fire ;
In circling throngs their brutal feast they share,
Rend the warm limbs, the flesh yet panting tear,
With joy malignant gorge their horrid flood,
And dye their jaws with streams of human blood ;
While swells the hideous roar of triumph round,
And hill and vale repeat the infernal sound.

From the far ship the crew, with wild surprise,
Behold the fires red-kindling o'er the skies ;
Their absent comrades wake the anxious thought,
And dark suspense, with all its terrors fraught,

Grows on each hour ; at length, confirm'd their fears,
The dreaded truth in every horror glares ;
Bursts the full drop from friendship's anguish'd eye,
And Detestation breathes the impassion'd sigh.
Crozet to vengeance moves ; an ardent band
Pours from the ship and hastens to the strand ;
Each sparkling eye indignant fury speaks,
Impatience reddening on their burning cheeks ;
O'er the blue wave their snow-white standards stream,
Their arms bright glitt'ring to the morning beam,
The watchful chiefs behold the impending war,
Yells the dire summons through the woods afar ;
Like blackening clouds that roll the gathering storm,
To the high Hippah ⁽¹¹⁾ rush the savage swarm,
With threatening gestures dare the hostile train,
Brandish their arms, and taunt in fierce disdain.
Now first the cliffs repeat the cannon's roar,
And unknown thunders shake the affrighted shore :
But, firm as rocks, when howling tempests rave,
Dash their strong sides, and heave the angry wave,
The mat-clad ⁽¹²⁾ warriors stand ; nor aught dismays,
The thundering sound, or lightning's mimic blaze.

Pierc'd by strange deaths, astonish'd they behold
Their friends around, in floods of crimson roll'd,
Yet unextinguish'd burns the rage of fight,
Nor knows one breast a distant thought of flight :
But valor vain, in martial arts unskill'd,
With arms inferior tempts the desperate field.
Loud bursts the war, thick clouds involve the morn,
Crash the strong pales, in shivering fragments torn ;
Yawns a vast breach : within the opening wide
A frowning chieftain towers in dauntless pride.
Pierc'd in the breast, the gallant savage lies,
Roll'd in the pass, and glare in death his eyes ;
On his yet breathing corse a second stands,
And fires the ardor of his native bands.
Stretch'd on his friend's pale form the warrior bleeds ;
Instant another to the charge succeeds,
With emulation's generous glow elate :
Thus eight successive mount to certain fate,
At length their courage sinks, their leaders slain,
And pale dismay impels the remnant train ;
Wide o'er the plains, in flight dispers'd, they pour,
And copious vengeance dyes the sword in gore.

Round these wild shores, by thirst of knowledge
led,

Adventurous Cook his daring pinions spread.

Lo! seas unsail'd before, his streamers hail,

And willing breezes lift the spreading sail ;

Where e'er he roves, see gladdening islands heave,

And worlds unknown their shrouds of darkness
leave,

With smiles of welcome opes each joyous strand,

Wave the tall trees, and beckon him to land.

Round wild Kamschatka's winter-loaded coast,

Where Arctic regions pine in endless frost ;

Or where, far south, Antarctic billows roar,

Heave the white isles, and lash the freezing shore ;

'Mid fields of ice in boundless horror spread,

'Mid floating rocks that cast a chilling shade,

The intrepid chief pursues his arduous way,

No perils daunt him, no fatigues dismay.

Ting'd by the low-hung sun's faint-beaming smiles,

In beauty dreadful glare the ⁽¹³⁾ purple piles,

In wintry pride, like towers, they rise on high,

Pierce the blue clouds and brighten in the sky ;

Beneath the mass, hoarse groan the encumber'd tides,
High swell the waves, white-foaming o'er their sides,
Loud crash the dashing rocks, together driven,
Like shooting stars, their sparkles gleam to heaven,
O'er the drear waste concussive echoes pour,
And ocean trembles at the deafening roar.

Regretted chief! whom savage fury gave,
In bloom of honor, an untimely grave;
With generous thirst of enterprize inspir'd,
By foes respected and by friends admir'd,
A heart humane and dauntless spirit join'd,
With worth superior, grac'd thy active mind;
In cold neglect Discovery weeps thy doom,
And pensive droops, pale sickening o'er thy tomb.

Now Southern climes, in wealthiest pomp, unfold
Their silvery rocks and regions rich with gold:
Where Mexico, illum'd with grandeur's ray,
Saw Montezuma spread an envied sway;
But now, beneath the oppressive yoke of Spain,
Bends with the weight of slavery's galling chain:
Where high Peruvia breathes salubrious gales,
And nature revels o'er Chilesian vales.

Enthron'd in star-crown'd majesty sublime,
Frown the vast Andes o'er the extended clime :
Cliff piled on cliff, high mounting to the skies,
Where e'en the soaring eagle fears to rise ;
Vast rocks unverdur'd, here, in steep ascent,
Lift their grey sides, in yawning fissures rent ; [brow,
Here, shagg'd with woods, project the threatening
And nod their horrors o'er the vale below.
Its topmost cliff, which yon tall granite shrouds
In blackening tempests and involving clouds,
With snows perpetual spread, with larch o'erhung,
'Mid storms enthron'd, the Condor ⁽¹⁴⁾ rears her young ;
No ravenous bird, on airy pinions light,
Hither presumes to point his venturous flight,
No hungry serpent dares, in quest of prey,
To these dark eyries wind his dangerous way,
But, fill'd with terror, shuns the place where reigns
The dreaded tyrant of the ethereal plains.
Lost in the gloom, or brightening in the day,
Here numerous torrents roll their foamy way,
Through the rough clefts in whitening fury sweep,
Hoarse roaring, deafening, down from steep to steep,

And, hurrying o'er the heights with mingled swell,
In maddening tumult seek the distant dell ;
Now, in wild eddies whirl'd, with dashing force,
'Twixt rifted rocks impel their furious course ;
Now, far-releas'd, in placid beauty spread,
And gently-dimpling silver o'er the mead,
'Till mingling, streams of sovereign name they glide :
Hence Oronok rolls wild his rapid tide ;
Hence Amazonia winds her lengthening train,
In weary progress to the Atlantic main.

Excursive, hence o'er Africa's wilds I stray,
Scorch'd with the fiercest fires of vertic day.
Dire nurse of monsters ! Whose envenom'd earth
Wakes every plague, and gives each poison birth ;
Here, fierce exulting o'er the desert plains,
In all his horrors Death triumphant reigns ;
And views, with baleful joy, around him wait
Submit his deadliest messengers of fate :
The fiery ⁽¹⁵⁾ Dipsas and the Aspic cold,
And fell Cerastes, twin'd in horrent fold.

Prompt to perform his will, with pois'nous breath,
Sweeps the blue Simoom o'er the blasted heath—

Mid fenny vapors and mephitic clouds
The purple Plague his form disgustful shrouds ;
While Cruelty, with stern obdurate brow,
O'er the pale features of his dying foe,
Relentless cannibal, exulting lours,
Quaffs the warm blood, the quiv'ring flesh devours.

Here, by the sun's hot ray sublim'd to blood,
Of size supreme, with greater strength endued,
To man more terrible, the savage beast,
With wilder fury, prowls the desert waste.
From the dark lair, his unknown, dire abode,
E'en by the native's fearless feet untrod,
By hunger's call impell'd, when silence reigns,
And midnight horrors gloom the lonely plains,
Stalks the fierce Lion : hark ! his hideous roar,
In echoing thunder, rings the forest o'er,
Borne on the winds, wild terror pants around,
And firmness, self e'en trembles at the sound.
Terrific, glowing in his scaly arms,
Whose painted beauties lend to horror charms,
Like some tall cedar, length'ning o'er the plain,
The fell ⁽¹⁶⁾ Constrictor spreads his hideous train.

Where'er the dreaded monster sweeps along,
Before him trembling fly the savage throng ;
In one promiscuous rout together roll'd,
The weak, the strong, the tim'rous and the bold.
To him oppos'd the Tiger's vigor fails,
Nor e'en the Lion's mightier force avails ;
Proud in resistless strength he tow'ring moves,
And reigns the tyrant of the midland groves.
Of size minute, here nature's deadliest pest,
The ⁽¹⁷⁾ Seps, envenom'd, rears his vengeful crest.
Fraught with sure fate, his baleful poisons glide
Through the scorch'd channels of the vital tide ;
With instant death defy the powers of art,
Dissolve the frame and burst the blood-swoln heart.

Unknown to gentle pity's soft control,
Unknown to arts that harmonize the soul,
Strangers to peace, in wild ferocious bands,
Here sable nations blacken o'er the sands ;
Compar'd with whom that fury of the wild,
Pity's stern foe, the fell Hyena's mild.
Here, scarce superior to his fellow beast,
The brutal Caffre spreads his filthy feast ;

Mid time-coeval woods, unknown to day,
Here Goran's ⁽¹⁸⁾ sons in lonely wildness stray;
Here roams the Galla, ⁽¹⁹⁾ stain'd with streaming gore;
Here Anzikains ⁽²⁰⁾ their mangled foes devour;
And here the Jagga, ⁽²¹⁾ nature's foe accurst,
In every crime and deed of horror nurst,
By hands maternal bids the infant die,
And kindred flesh his dire repast supply.

From these dread realms, in every terror drest,
Where savage tribes a savage clime infest,
And uncontrol'd, each social tie defied,
Relentless murder prowls in licensed pride,
I turn where nature cheers the favor'd shores,
Where royal Congo boasts her golden stores;
Where bright beneath her Paradisean skies,
Thy Eden, Afric, ⁽²²⁾ Whidda's landscapes rise!
Where Senegal devolves his length'ning floods,
Through rice-clad fields and aromatic woods,
And views the jetty tribes his banks along,
With uncouth gestures raise their evening song;
Where, round the central tree, in circling rows,
The reed-built ⁽²³⁾ hamlet's hive-form'd structures close;

As to the Banjo's hoarse, discordant sound,
The sprightly dancers trip in antic round,
While circling gourds, with luscious nectar fraught,
Fresh from the palm, supply their festive draught ;
Where Gambia's wide-extended waves are roll'd
O'er regions rich in iv'ry and in gold,
Mid whose luxuriant scenes and fertile meads
Its forest shade the vast Boabab ⁽²⁴⁾ spreads ;
Or where, mid tracts unknown, in regal pride,
Mysterious Niger pours his mighty tide,
O'er citied plains, that mark inquiry's eye,
Where proud ⁽²⁵⁾ Tombuctoo lifts her towers on high,
Where Houssa's domes and fair Ghanara gleam,
In bright reflection, from his parent stream.

O'er Europe, now, enraptured hold my way ;
Europe by arts refined, with social manners gay ;
Where fav'ring freedom crowns the happy soil,
And peopled plains with beauteous cities smile :
Her forms of rule, her various laws survey,
The different customs different realms display,
The rich productions of each fertile coast,
Her splendid piles, of modern art the boast,

And hoar, superb remains of ancient days,
That still a solemn awe and mournful pleasure raise.

O'er Asian climes—O come, thou source of song,
To whom description's brightest hues belong !
Propitious smile, thy fav'ring aid bestow,
With richest colors give the pen to glow,
That diffident attempts, in humble rhyme,
To trace the beauties of the Eastern clime.
Shall Greece and Rome, those thread-bare themes of
praise,

Alone deserving claim the poet's lays ?
Though ancient Greece, for arms, for science known,
In sages, heroes, bards superior shone,—
Though Rome, proud empress of the world, could
boast

Her power unrivall'd and her patriot host,—
His martial lyre though there a Virgil strung,
And love's soft pangs enamor'd Ovid sung,—
Sublime in age, though yet her ruins roll
The tides of wonder o'er th' impassion'd soul,—
Still must the Bard for them employ the verse,
To sing their beauties and their fame rehearse ;

With servile step pursue the common road,
The way-worn paths so oft by poets trod ;
While yet unsung Palmyra's charms remain,
Unsung the wonders of Egyptia's plain ?

Come, let me then those fav'rite scenes explore,
Where, borne by Fancy, oft I've ranged before.
And first Japon's extensive isle survey,
The distant region of the new-born day,
Where dark Suspicion bids her keen-eyed band
Guard from access the interdicted land.
No foreign eye its wonders e'er explores,
No foreign foot e'er treads the jealous shores ;
From all divided and to all unknown,
In proud seclusion live her sons alone.
Ingenious skill th' industrious native warms,
Whence art mechanic wears her fairest forms :
But pagan faith, in dark'ning current, rolls
The waves of error o'er their blinded souls ;
To imaged monsters rites divine they frame,
(26) And bow to Xaca and Amida's name.
Far as the utmost bounds of sight extend,
Imperial (27) Jeddo's glitt'ring piles ascend.

O'er all, sublime, her golden palace burns,
Another sun, and blaze for blaze returns.
Here wealth unequall'd beams its brightest smile,
And pours its envied bounties o'er the isle. [towers,
But, from these climes where ignorance proudly
In vain pre-eminence of fancied powers,
Whose haughty natives, to their shores confined,
Disdain all commerce with the human kind,
I haste where neighb'ring lands their charms display,
Where China boasts her wide-extended sway,
And, vain of antique fame, ⁽²⁸⁾ infabling clouds
Of primal ages her high annals shrouds.

Here warm fertility her seat maintains,
In richest state; here ⁽²⁸⁾ cultivation reigns,
With vivid hues impaints the various scene,
With gold the harvest and the mead with green;
The desert waste with ripening stores supplies;
Here spreads the herb, there gives the tree to rise;
Where black'ning forests pour'd an awful gloom,
She bids the Jaka ⁽²⁹⁾ and the Lichi bloom;
Rears the rich Tea, ⁽³⁰⁾ unfolds her snowy flowers,
And o'er her leaf-refreshing fragrance pours.

O'er the vast region, from Corea's lands,
Where distant Thibet on the west expands,
Whose sons, by servile superstition aw'd,
Pay adoration to a human ⁽³¹⁾ God,
From royal Pekin to the southern shores,
Its peopled wave where shining ⁽³²⁾ Canton pours,
What figured arches bend, what pompous fanes,
What swarming ⁽³³⁾ cities crowd th' extended plains!
But far o'er all ascend, in gorgeous view,
Where the deep Kiang ⁽³⁴⁾ rolls his waters blue,
Nankin, thy piles, whose vast extent defy
The utmost vision of the aching eye,
Pouring in dazzling stream one boundless blaze,
An ocean beaming with meridian rays.
Amongst the rest, with golden figures gay,
Far seen, bright glowing in the noon of day,
Thy Porcelain Tower, ⁽³⁵⁾ enrich'd with every dye,
Spires like a fir, in flames amid the sky.
As ants, when early autumn's nitrous breath
Reddens the leaf and dewes the filmy heath,
Taught by wise instinct, with prudential care,
To brave the rigors of the wintry year,

Spread o'er their heapy town in toiling strife, [life.
And the whole moving mole-hill seems inspired with
Thus o'er thy streets thick throng the busy train,
Lured by the all-enticing voice of gain.

Thee, happy China, great Confucius blest,
The first of sages as of men the best,
Whose institutions and whose laws divine
With social love and moral wisdom shine.
With wide benevolence his bosom glow'd,
Where every virtue fix'd its loved abode ;
With judgment cool, discernment keen combined,
Superior genius mark'd his lofty mind.
Midst the bright beams that gild the vernal days,
When smooth prosperity's gay smile betrays,
Midst the dark clouds with wintry storms that lour,
When dire misfortune pours her baleful shower,
His soul, exalted in one calm serene,
Still shone the same mid every changing scene.
Above the lures that bribe the vainly great,
Wealth's dazzling glare, and grandeur's empty state,
The Patriot Sage, by no mean cares subdued,
Comprised all blessings in his country's good—

That end alone with zeal unwearied sought,
“ And shone a mirror of the truths he taught.”
Bright star of reason! thy diffusive light
Pierced the dark shades of superstition’s night ;
From fair religion threw the veil aside,
That craft had wove and ign’rance sanctified ;
Show’d her true form to man’s illumined mind,
In fair perfection’s heavenly beams enshrined ;
And taught that ne’er from reason’s path she strays
Lured by bewild’ring creeds, or system’s meteor blaze.

Blest realm, where nature gives each plant to rise,
That glows in torrid, smiles in temp’rate skies ;
With richest sweets each nectar’d fruit endues,
And paints each fragrant flower with brightest hues.
Adorn’d with glossy gold and shining red,
The purple Mutang ⁽³⁷⁾ rears its regal head ;
By art’s nice hand arranged in chequer’d rows,
The ⁽³⁸⁾ Tallow grove with scarlet beauty glows ;
Sprinkling its foilage red with snowy hue,
The fruit fair-opening forms a pleasing view :
Thus shows in sinking autumn’s early morn
The hoar-frost whit’ning on the berried thorn.

There ⁽³⁰⁾ art with life her gay creation warms,
And decks with richest dyes their mimic forms;
In every vale of peace the lily blows,
And mild contentment opes her blushing rose.
Thy people blest, with arts industrious graced,
Whom cool-eyed prudence guards from thriftless waste,
Taught from their youth to hold, in rev'rent awe,
Their rulers' mandates as a sacred law,
And with obedience unreserved fulfil
The harshest dictates of a parent's will;
Submission hence and filial duty shine,
On every breast, in characters divine.
For them no charms has slaughter's crimson-field—
To them no pleasure martial honors yield;
Alone the gentle joys of peace they prize,
And war detest, though veil'd in glory's guise.

But, through life's varied paths, by heaven assign'd,
On good attendant, evil still we find;
Still near the virtues hundred vices lurk,
And blast perfection through all nature's work.
Though here, with bright invention's garland crown'd,
Ingenious art her roses strews around—

Yet far from nature's simple rules she strays,
To follow fancy through her wildest maze.
Though ne'er thy sons, by thriftless waste betray'd,
Quit the cool walks of prudence' guardian shade—
Yet wincing av'rice oft infects the root,
And blights the promised virtues ere they shoot.
Hence meanest ⁽⁴⁰⁾ arts disgrace thy filial train,
Base fraud's low cunning and each trick of gain.
Though lust of war may dye the earth with blood,
And whelm the nations in misfortune's flood,
Yet love of peace her ills peculiar brings,
Which cherish'd thrive beneath her shelt'ring wings.
To glory lost alone her votaries please
The low delights of mean, disgraceful ease,
Whose baneful opiates, with lethargic art,
Deaden the noblest passions of the heart;
Hence trembling cowardice, the dastard's shame,
With base opprobrium brands thy recreant name.

Urged by this spirit base in days of yore,
The sceptred rule when great Chi Ho Ham bore,
Thy timid race, with persevering toil,
Rear'd the vast bulwark of yon massy ⁽⁴¹⁾ pile—

O'er the wide realm unbroken holds its way,
From Tanguth's mountains to Leaotung's bay ;
O'er far-stretch'd plains in length'ning line extends,
Through winding dells in course meand'ring bends,
Tow'ring ascends the craggy mountain's brow,
And sinks far less'ning in the vale below.
Enormous Work ! alone with thee might vie
The tower that raised its sky-veil'd head on high,
When earth's proud sons, by mad presumption fired,
With mortal works to rival heaven aspired,
Till midst the builders fierce dissensions sprung,
And harsh confusion jarr'd on every tongue.

But walls in vain their rampired strength extend,
The languid sons of affluence to defend
From savage foes : the battle's dauntless brood,
By plunder fired and train'd to scenes of blood,
If lost to honor's voice, to glory's charms,
No martial virtues rouse the soul to arms.
This Rome experienced, when, in luxury lost,
Wide o'er her regions spread the Gothic host ;
This China proved, when, prompt at rapine's call,
Rush'd the grim Tartars o'er the slighted wall.

As when a storm, in wild destructive flight,
Invades the golden grain with chilling blight,
Strews wide the orchard's shatter'd limbs around,
And with unripen'd fruitage loads the ground,
The hapless peasant, in despair aghast,
Surveys the ruins of the furious blast :
Thus, o'er thy realm, in careless ease betray'd,
The ruthless foe one scene of havoc spread ;
Thus view'd thy sons their fertile fields laid waste,
Their treasures plunder'd and their cities razed,
Their kindred slain, with sacred blood distain'd,
The holy temples of their gods profaned—
Th' imperial throne to barb'rous foes a prey ;
Their empire groans beneath a Tartar's sway.

NOTES TO THE SECOND BOOK.

¹ "Sea-monsters revel, and the Mermaid roams." Many doubts have been entertained of the existence of this animal ; and it has generally been considered as nothing more than the fictitious offspring of the imagination. Many concurrent testimonies, however, appear to establish the fact, that a creature, in some degree resembling man, is an inhabitant of the ocean. The Tritons and Nereids of Pagan mythology have, no doubt, their origin from this source.

² "The hideous Sepia." The eight-armed Cuttle-fish, a species of the Polype, is said sometimes to grow to a monstrous size, and frequently to attack men or other animals that come within the reach of its monstrous arms and devour them. Pliny relates, that a fish-pond, belonging to one of the Roman Emperors, having been robbed of its fish in the night, a guard was placed, in order to watch and intercept the thief ; but that, to their astonishment, the soldiers discovered the robber to be a Cuttle-fish, or Polype, of an enormous size, which came from the sea. This monster, after breaking down part of the bank of the pond, devoured the fish and returned to the sea, without the guard daring to molest it. It is likewise related of the celebrated Sicilian diver, Nicolo, that, on his return from Charybdis, into which he had been induced to dive by the persuasion and offers of Frederick, King of Naples, he mentioned, as one of the greatest dangers he had to encounter, the monstrous Polypi that adhered to the sides of the rocks, many of which were of the size of a man's body, and entangled with their long arms whatever living object came within their reach. An

ingenious writer has observed, that the fable of Scylla's destroying men, probably owes its origin to the number of these large Polypi, which in ancient times surrounded that rock.

³ "The Sea-Snake there his proud dominion holds." According to the account given by Pontopidan, Bishop of Norway, this serpent is frequently discovered by the fishermen in the Norwegian seas. It is described as having a head like a horse, with a long mane, and large eyes which shine like plates of silver; and it is added, that his immense folds, as he lies upon the surface of the waves, have the appearance of a great number of hogsheads, separated by small intervals from each other.

"Sea Serpent." The following extract from an account of Norway, by a learned and ingenious writer, will show the belief entertained by the Norwegians, relative to the existence of such a monster as the Serpent of the Sea: "In the year 1746, says the author, Captain Laurence de Torcy, of Bergen, shot a Sea-snake, which instantly disappeared, and when the boat was rowed near the place, the water appeared tinged with blood. The head of this animal, which it held at least two feet above the surface of the water, was of a greenish color, and resembled that of a horse; the mouth was very large and black; the eyes were of the same color, and a long white mane hung down from its neck and floated on the sea. Besides the head, they saw seven or eight coils of this snake about the distance of a fathom from each other. It is stated in Egede's Journal of the Greenland Missionaries, that, on the 6th of July, 1734, a large and frightful sea-monster raised itself so high out of the water, that its head reached above the main-topmast of the ship; that it had a long sharp snout, broad paws, and spouted water like a whale. The body seemed to be covered with scales; the skin uneven and wrinkled, and the lower part was formed like a snake. It plunged itself back in the water, and then raised its tail above the surface, a whole ship's length from the head. Though the dimensions of the Sea-snake cannot be accurately ascertained, it would appear, from the concurrent accounts of those who have seen

it, that it is nearly an hundred fathoms in length, and of the size of a hogshead."

Since the above was written, several accounts of the Sea-snake have appeared, from which I have selected the two following, which serve to place its existence beyond a doubt. In, or about the year 1795 or '96, an account was published in one of the Boston newspapers, of the appearance of a monster of this description, in the Bay of Penobscot. It was contained in a letter from a clergyman, of the name of Maclean, residing on the Penobscot. The account stated, that certain persons, whose names are mentioned, being out in the bay fishing, saw at a distance, the weather being clear, what they thought to be a number of floating barrels, drifting at small intervals, which they supposed to have come from the wreck of some vessel. They immediately rowed thither, but, on approaching near, to their surprise and terror, perceived that the supposed casks were nothing more than the folds of an immense serpent, which lay floating on the surface of the waves. At their approach, the animal raised its head some feet above the water, but soon after dove and disappeared. The head was very large and had the form of that of a horse; the neck was furnished with a mane, and the eyes resembled two large shining pewter plates. It appeared to them to be of very great length; but, as only part of the body was visible, they could only form a conjectural calculation, from what they saw, that it was upwards of one hundred feet long. This account was accompanied with a certificate, signed by several very respectable gentlemen of that part of the country, in favor of the veracity of the relators.

The same, or a similar serpent, was seen some time during the American war, in the same bay, at, or about the time of the Penobscot expedition. It was discovered by a naval officer belonging to the State of Massachusetts, who gave a description of it, nearly similar to the preceding, to a gentleman of the author's acquaintance. But one circumstance which he mentioned, and which seems either not to have been known, or to have escaped the notice of those who have written of this snake, was, that its motion was very different from that of land

serpents, being vertical, instead of horizontal ; for, though he was at first astonished, and not a little alarmed, at the appearance of a monster, of whose existence it would seem he had never heard, he resolved at all events to examine it as accurately as he could, and was particularly struck with the singularity of its movement over the waves.

At a meeting of the Wernerian Society of Natural History, at Edinburgh, on the 19th of November, 1808, Mr. P. Neill read an account of a great Sea-Snake, which was cast ashore in October, in Orkney. This curious animal, it appears, was stranded in Nothesholmer Bay, in the island of Stronsa. Malcolm Laing, Esq., being at Orkney at the time, communicated the circumstance to his brother at Edinburgh, upon whose estate the animal had been cast. Through this authentic channel, Mr. Neill received his information. The body measured fifty-five feet in length, and the circumference of the thickest part of it was about equal to the girths of an Orkney pony. The head was not larger than that of a seal, and was furnished with two blow-holes. From the back, a number of filaments, resembling in texture the fishing-tackle, known by the name of silk-worm-gut, hung down like a mane. On each side of the body were three large fins, shaped like paws and jointed. Mr. Neill concluded with remarking, that no doubt could be entertained that this was the kind of animal described by Ramusius, Egede, and Pontoppidan, (and called by the latter, the *Soe-Ormen*,) but which had hitherto been rejected by scientific Naturalists as ideal.

4 "While erst where ocean spread his dark-blue waves." On the mountain of Stella, in Portugal, there is a lake, in which wrecks of shipping have been found, though this mountain is more than twelve leagues distant from the sea. Sabinos, in his commentaries on the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, observes, that, from historical records it appears, that, in the year 1460, an entire ship, with its anchors, was found in a mine on the Alps.

N. B. The latter may be adduced as a farther proof of the General Deluge.

⁵ "One vast parterre." The country on the banks of the Ohio, Miami, and other western rivers, is in the highest degree fertile and luxuriant; the prairies are productive of innumerable species of the most beautiful plants and flowers, and in the spring have the appearance of a vast garden, presenting to the view an enchanting variety of the rarest colors.

⁶ "Here Otaheitee, &c." This flattering description of the happiness of the Otaheitans, though, by no means conformable to the accounts of more recent navigators, cannot be considered as a mere picture of the poet's imagination. From the animated and glowing description given of that island by Sir Joseph Banks, it may fairly be considered as possessing at least a claim to a sufficient degree of poetical truth. The society of the Areoshoi, to which has been attributed the great decrease of population in Otaheitee, was, most probably, at the period of its being first visited by Captain Cook, confined to a few, and of recent origin, or much less profligate in its principle, than it has since been represented.

⁷ "Within itself a world, New Holland lies." The island of New Holland, by far the largest hitherto discovered, is two thousand miles in length, and surpasses Europe in the number of its square miles.

⁸ "Her fav'rite Kangaroo." An animal of New Holland, first described by Captain Cook. The head and ears resemble those of a hare, but it is of a much superior size, sometimes weighing nearly one hundred pounds. The hind legs are nearly three times as long as the fore. It is extremely difficult to be taken or shot, as it is very shy, and leaps forward upon its hind feet, by the assistance of its tail, with inconceivable swiftness.

⁹ "No thirst of knowledge, &c." The natives of New Holland have not only been remarked by navigators for their wretched appearance and mode of living, and utter ignorance of every art, even the most

simple and necessary, but also for their entire want of curiosity, a circumstance distinguishing them from most savages, more particularly from the islanders of the South Sea.

¹⁰ "Thy blood, O Marion." Captain Marion, the commander of two French ships, on a voyage of discovery in the year 1772, was treacherously slain, with twenty-eight of his men, by the natives of New Zealand. The second in command, M. Crozet, with a small party of marines and the carpenters belonging to the ships, was at work in the woods, when he received information of the captain's death. He instantly set out to return to the ships; but, before he had gone far, he was surrounded by a great number of armed natives. He, however, with surprising intrepidity and presence of mind, effected a safe retreat with his men. Finding it necessary to procure new spars, he landed a few days after, attacked one of their fortifications with his cannon, and made a breach in it. An armed chief instantly stepped forward to occupy the pass. He was shot dead. Another took his place and shared his fate. In this manner fell in succession eight chiefs, attempting to defend this dangerous post. The remainder, after the loss of their chiefs, abandoned their fort, and fled precipitately to the woods.

¹¹ "To the high Hippah, &c." A fortified place in New Zealand, situated on a rock or eminence, and surrounded with palisades. A representation of a very curious fortification of this kind is to be seen among the prints to Cook's first Voyage.

¹² "The mat-clad warriors." The dress of the New Zealand warriors is a sort of cloak, resembling a mat, made of flags and the leaves of rushes.

¹³ "In beauty dreadful glare, the purple piles." These floating rocks of ice are of a beautiful purple, frequently interspersed with a bright sapphire color.—Foster's Voyage of Captain Cook.

14 "The Condor rears her young." A monstrous bird, a native of Chili, whose wings, when extended, are said sometimes to measure eighteen feet. They are greatly dreaded by the inhabitants, whose sheep and calves they frequently carry off, and, in some instances, their children. Two of them, it is asserted, will attack and destroy an ox or bull. The following account is given by Brookes, in his *Natural History*: "The master of a ship, of the name of Strong, saw on the coast of Chili, a large bird, sitting upon a high cliff near the shore, which one of the crew shot with a bullet and killed. They were greatly surprised when they beheld its size; for the wings, when extended, measured thirteen feet. He asked the Spaniards the name of it. They told him it was called a *Contus*. They likewise informed him that it was a very rapacious bird, and they were continually in fear lest it should carry away their children. One of the quills was two feet, four inches long, and the barrel six inches and three quarters in length and an inch and a half in circumference; the color, a dark brown." The color of this bird is an intermixture of black and white; the head and neck are bare of feathers, and on the top of the head is a dark colored, fleshy excrescence, somewhat in the shape of the cone of a helmet. The noise of its wings, when it descends, is like the roar of a whirlwind. It builds its nest on the most inaccessible cliffs of the Andes. The Indians say, that it will carry off with ease a deer or calf in its talons; that its sight is piercing, and its appearance terrible. In the deserts of Pachomal, where it is chiefly found, men seldom venture to travel. Those wild regions are, of themselves, sufficient to inspire horror. Broken precipices, prowling panthers, forests vocal only with the hissing of serpents, and gloomy mountains, rendered still more terrible by the Condor, the only bird that ventures to make its residence in those deserted situations.

15 "The fiery *Dipsas*." The *Dipsas*, or Burning Serpent, derives its name from the effects of its bite, which immediately produces a glowing heat over the whole body, attended with an insatiable thirst, which soon ends in delirium and death. A more particular account

of this serpent will be found in Mr. D. Obsonville's Description of the Poison and the Burning Serpent.

¹⁶ "The fell Constrictor." The Boa Constrictor, Anaconda, or Giant Serpent, a monstrous snake, inhabiting the deserts of Africa. The strongest and most ferocious beasts are said to be frequently devoured by this monster, who conceals himself in the top of a large tree, and waits the approach of his unsuspecting prey; when sufficiently near, he throws himself upon it, and, inclosing it in his monstrous folds, soon puts an end to its existence. A species of this serpent is found in Guiana, which sometimes exceed forty feet in length; but the most formidable and destructive kind infest the wilds of Africa, and some of the islands in the Indian sea. An account of one of the latter, which was killed in the island of Ceylon, was many years since published in one of the English Magazines, and afterwards republished in this country. It is contained in a letter from a gentleman who was an eye-witness, and who, after relating the circumstance of the animal's first appearance, the alarm caused by it, and the precautions taken by himself and his companions for concealing themselves from the sight of the monster, on their approaching the tree on which he had established himself, in order to obtain a nearer view of him, thus proceeds with his narrative: "The next morning, having assembled to the number of more than a hundred, we had the pleasure, (if I dare call it so,) of finding our enemy still at his old post. He seemed very fierce and hungry, and we soon had an opportunity of witnessing the amazing effects. There is in this country a great plenty of tigers, and one of a prodigious size, being not much less than a common heifer, came under the serpent's tree. Instantly we heard a dreadful rustling, and as swift as thought the serpent dropped upon it, and seizing it across the back, a little below the shoulders with its horrible mouth, took in a piece of the back bigger than a man's head. The creature roared with agony, and, to our unspeakable terror, was running with its enemy towards us. Its course was, however, soon stopped, for its nimble adversary, winding its body three or four times

around the tiger, girt it so violently that it fell down in an agony. The moment the serpent had fixed its folds, it let go the back of its prey, and raising itself and twining round the head of the tiger, opened its mouth to its full extent, and seized the whole face of the animal, biting and grinding it in a most horrid manner, at once choking and tearing the creature to pieces. The tiger, on this, reared itself up again; but words are too poor to paint its agony: It writhed and tossed about, but all in vain; the enemy, wherever it was, was still with it, and its hollow roarings within the destroyer's mouth, were dreadful, beyond expression.

The tiger was a very strong and fierce creature; and though unable to free itself of its cruel enemy, gave it prodigious trouble. A hundred times would it rear up, and run a little way, but would soon fall down again, partly oppressed by the weight, and partly by the folds, and wreathed twists of the serpent around its body. But though the tiger fell, it was far from being entirely conquered, or at all manageable. After some hours it appeared to be much spent, and lay as if dead, when the serpent, which had many times violently girded itself around the tiger, vainly attempting to break its bones, now quitted its hold, twisting its tail only around the neck of its prey, which was in no condition either to resist or escape. It then made towards the tree, dragging its victim with some difficulty after it.

Having by degrees dragged the tiger to the tree, and the animal being unable to stand, the serpent seized it lightly a second time by the back, and set it on its legs against the trunk of the tree; then winding itself around the tiger and the tree together several times, it girded both with such violence, that the ribs and other bones began to give way, and by repeated efforts of this kind, it broke all the ribs, one by one, each of which gave a loud crack in breaking. It next attempted the legs, and broke them severally in the same manner, each in four or five different places; this employed several hours; during all which time the poor tiger remained alive, and at every crack of the bones gave a howl, not very loud, but piteous enough to pierce the most obdurate heart, and make even man forget his natural antipathy to the

tiger and pity its misery. After the legs, the serpent attacked the skull in the same manner ; but this proved so difficult a task, that the monster, overcome with fatigue, and seeing its prey in no condition to escape, left it for the night, at the foot of the tree, into which it retired to rest.

In the morning, on returning to the thicket, we beheld a most surprising change. The body of the tiger, which now seemed one red lump of shapeless matter, was dragged to some distance from the tree, and shone all over as if covered with glue or jelly. We soon discovered the cause of this—the serpent being still employed in producing that appearance. It had laid the legs, one by one, close to the body, and was now placing the head strait before, licking the body, and covering it with its saliva, which coated it over like a jelly, and rendered it fit for swallowing. Much time was employed in the business. At length, the serpent, having prepared the whole to its mind, drew up before its prey, and seizing the head, began to suck that, and afterwards the body down into its throat. This was the work of so much time, that I left the monster struggling at the shoulders, when I went home to dinner, and from the account of those who staid to watch, it was night before the whole was fairly swallowed.

The following day we assembled for the last time, when the very women and children followed, convinced that as it had gorged its prey, there was no danger to be apprehended. I was myself by no means satisfied of this, till I reached the place, when I found it true, as the serpent had so loaded its belly it could neither fight nor retreat. It attempted on our approach to re-climb the tree, but being unable, was soon dispatched, by striking it on the head with large clubs. We then measured it, and its length was thirty-three feet four inches, and it was as thick as a slender man's waist.

“ Anaconda, or Boa Constrictor.” By those who are unacquainted with the wonders of nature, (says the learned Dr. Shaw, in the *Naturalist's Miscellany*,) the descriptions given by Naturalists of some of the more striking and singular animals, are received with a degree of cautious scepticism, or even rejected as exceeding the bounds of credi-

bility. Amongst these animals may well be numbered the prodigious serpents that are sometimes found in India, Africa, and America—serpents of so great a size, as to be able to ingorge even some of the larger quadrupeds, and of so enormous a length, as to measure twenty, twenty-five, and thirty feet. There is reason to believe that these immense serpents are become less common now than some centuries back ; and that, in proportion as cultivation and population have increased, the larger species of noxious animals have been expelled from the haunts of mankind, and driven into the more distant and uncultivated tracts. They are still, however, occasionally seen, and sometimes approach the plantations and gardens of the districts nearest to their residence.

It is happy for mankind, that these gigantic serpents are not poisonous ; they are, therefore, to be dreaded only on account of their vast size and strength, which latter is so great as to enable them to kill deer, cattle, and other animals, by writhing themselves around them, so as to crush them to death by mere pressure ; after which they swallow them in a very gradual manner ; and when thus gorged with their prey, grow almost torpid with repletion, and, if discovered in this state, may without much difficulty be dispatched.

Considered as one of the great destroyers of the animal world, this serpent must be viewed with horror ; but if we take into consideration only its form and colors, we cannot deny it a very great share of external beauty ; yet, like many of its tribe, it is apt to vary in color, and appears in a more or less vivid state, according to the period of life in which it happens to be found ; but it is generally of a grayish color, variegated on the back and sides in the most curious manner, with large oblong patches and spots of bright reddish brown, which are still farther decorated by having black margins, surrounded both internally and externally with streaks of white and yellow ; the belly is commonly of a yellowish white.

It was, in all probability, an enormous specimen of this very serpent, that once diffused so violent a terror amongst the most valiant of mankind, and threw a whole Roman army into dismay. Historians relate this surprising event in terms of considerable luxuriance. Valerius

Maximus thus mentions it from Livy, in one of the lost books, of whose history it was related more at large :—

“ And, since we are on the subject of uncommon phenomena, we may here mention the serpent, so eloquently and accurately recorded by Livy, who says, that near the river Bagrada, in Africa, a snake was seen, of so enormous a magnitude as to prevent the army of Attilius Regulus from the use of the river ; which, after snatching up several soldiers with its enormous mouth, and devouring them, and killing several others by striking and squeezing them with the spires of its tail, was at length destroyed, by assailing it with all the force of military engines and showers of stones, after it had withstood the attack of their spears and darts, so that it was regarded by the whole army, as a more formidable enemy than even Carthage itself ; and, that the whole adjacent country being tainted with the pestilential effluvia proceeding from its remains, and the waters with its blood, the Roman army was obliged to remove its station. He also adds, that the skin of the monster, measuring one hundred and twenty feet in length, was sent to Rome as a trophy. This is said, by the learned Freinshemius, in his Supplement to Livy, to have been suspended in one of the temples at Rome, and to have continued there till the Numantine war.”

The relation of this singular conflict, forms quite an episode in the 6th Book of Silius Italicus, from a poetical version of which, attempted by the author when a youth, the following lines, descriptive of its appearance, are taken :—

Roused at the tumult, forth the serpent came,
Emitting from his jaws sulphureous flame ;
From his broad front terrific lightnings fly,
And rage vindictive sparkles in his eye ;
High-raised in air he lifts his head above
The topmost branches of the towering grove.

* * * * *

But when the trumpet's martial notes he heard,
In threat'ning guise his form immense he rear'd,

And with his back reclined, his length comprest
In sinuous folds beneath his scaly breast,
Then swift unloosing his contorted train,
His glitt'ring bulk extended o'er the plain,
And on the shore advanced the fight to try,
While dread amazement glared in every eye.

The following account of one of these singular serpents, is from Booth's translation of Diodorus Siculus, Book 3, Chapter 3:—

“The inhabitants (of Ethiopia,) bordering upon the deserts, say, that there are in those parts divers sorts of serpents of an incredible bigness; for, as to those that say they have seen them a hundred cubits long, they are looked upon to be liars, not only by me, but by every one else.

“But we shall say something of the greatest serpents, (that ever were seen,) which were brought to Alexandria, in nets. For, Ptolemy the Second, (Philadelphus,) being very much given to the hunting of elephants, for that purpose encouraged with great rewards many that were skillful hunters of the strongest, wildest beasts, by which means many strange beasts that were never before seen, became known to the Grecians. Upon these considerations, some of the huntsmen, knowing the generosity of the king in his rewards for things of this nature, agreed together, with the hazard of their lives, to bring if it were but one of these monstrous serpents alive to the king, to Alexandria. It was a bold and difficult undertaking; but fortune crowned the enterprise, and prosperity effected the attempt. They spied a serpent lying in the standing pools, thirty cubits long, still and quiet, as it used to be at all other times, save when it spied any beast come to the water to drink, and then it suddenly leaped out, and with its wide jaws and the winding itself around about their bodies, held them so fast as that they could never escape.

“Hereupon, these persons, considering he was so very long, and naturally dull and slow, conceived some hopes of catching him in gins and chains—having all things ready prepared for the purpose; but the

nearer they came to him, the more they were terrified ; and when they saw his eyes kindle like sparks of fire, his tongue slapping about his jaws, his terrible hissing, the sharpness of his scales, his rustling among the reeds and bushes when he began to stir himself, the greatness of his terrible teeth, his horrible aspect and high round, whereunto he had wound himself, they grew wan and pale with excessive fear, and with trembling hands they cast the gin upon his tail. As soon as it touched him, the monster rolled about with a terrible hiss, and lifting himself up above the head of the first that approached him, he snapped him up and tore him in pieces. The second he caught by the winding of his tail, at a great distance, when he was making off, and, (twisting himself around him,) held him fast by the middle. Thereupon, the rest were so affrighted that away they fled—however, what they could not do by force, they endeavored to effect by art, making use of the following contrivance : They made a toil of bulrushes, in shape like to a bosom-net, large enough to receive and hold the beast ; and, observing his hole, and the time when he went out to feed and when he returned ; and as soon as he was gone forth, they stopped up the mouth of his den with great stones and earth, and near to it dug another hole, and there placed the toil made of bulrushes, just over the mouth of the hole, so that the entrance might be plain and open. Then, as he returned from feeding, the darters, slingers, and a great number of horsemen, with trumpets, and other assailants, set upon him. The monster, (as he came nearer to them,) pricked up his head far above the heads of the horsemen, but none of the whole durst come near him, being made cautious by the former misfortune ; but many cast darts at him all at once, at a great distance, so that by the sight of the horses, multitude of dogs, and the noise of trumpets, they terrified the beast, and pursued him cautiously by degrees, till he came to his hole, lest, by pressing too hard and close upon him, he should be too much provoked and enraged. Now, near approaching to the mouth of the den, before prepared for him, they all at once set up such a noise with beating upon their arms, and with such a multitude of men, and the noise and sound of trumpets, they exceedingly terrified the monster,

who, not finding his former hole, and fearing the hunters, flies into the mouth of that which was open and near at hand. While he was filling the net, by rolling of himself round in it, some forthwith rode up with full speed to the place, who, (before the beast could wind up himself,) tied up the mouth of the net, which was made very long to the top, on purpose for quickness of dispatch in this business. Then, with all speed, they put rollers under the massy weight of the net, to lift it up, and so drew it forth. The serpent, being thus shut up, hissed most dreadfully, gnawing the bulrushes with his teeth, and tossing himself to and fro, as if he were just leaping out of the net; which the hunters exceedingly fearing what he would do, drew him upon the ground, and others, pricking him in the tail, caused him to snap and to bite there, where he was most sensible of pain. At length, they brought him to Alexandria, and presented him to the king—a most strange monster, and almost incredible; and to admiration, this creature was afterwards made tame. For, keeping him low in want of food, he abated in his fierceness, so as, by degrees, to be very gentle. Ptolemy liberally rewarded the hunters, and kept and fed the serpent thus tamed. A most wonderful sight to all strangers that traveled into his kingdom.”

Jackson, in his account of Morocco, says, that the Boah, or Desert Snake, is from twenty to eighty feet long, as large as a man's body, and of a dingy color. The Arabs, in their figurative mode of expression, say, that, as it passes along the desert, it fires the ground with the velocity of its motion. It is impossible to escape it. It will twist itself around an ox, and after crushing its bones, swallow it gradually, and remain for several days motionless, until the process of digestion is performed.

The author was informed by a friend of his, in the year 1782, who had just returned from a privateering cruise in the West Indies, that the ship on board of which he was, having gone into Surinam, whilst lying at anchor in the river, they were, one morning about day-break, awakened by a singular noise, and running on deck, found, to their astonishment, a monstrous snake, just entering the ship by means of the cable; that Captain Chew, their commander, seizing an axe, had

the good fortune to dissever the creature's head, as it was extended over the gun-wale, so that it merely hung by the skin. Its size was about that of the thigh of a middle-sized man; the length, (as well as memory at this distant period can serve,) from thirty to thirty-six feet. He farther said, that the color of the whole body was black, a little paler on the belly, and the head of a beautiful yellow. It was begged of the captain by the negroes, for the purpose of eating it; and was supposed to have been attracted on board the ship by the hogs and poultry, which they had provided for stores.

17 "The Seps envenom'd." The Seps of Lucan, otherwise called, from the peculiar activity and deadliness of its venom, the Poison Serpent. It is found in some parts of Africa and the East Indies. This serpent is about two feet in length; its bite causes immediate death, and, in a short time, an entire dissolution of the whole corporeal mass takes place. The following account of this serpent, and of the Burning Serpent, is taken from D'Obsonville's Philosophical Essays:—

"Among the serpents of India, that which I believe to be the most formidable, is but about two feet long, and very small. Its skin is freckled, with little traits of brown, or a pale red, contrasted with a ground of dirty yellow. It is chiefly found in dry and rocky places, and its bite is mortal in less than one or two minutes. In the year 1759, in the province of Cadapet, I saw several instances of it; among others, one very singular, in the midst of a corps of troops commanded by M. de Bussy. An Indian Gentoo merchant perceived a Mahometan soldier of his acquaintance going to kill one of these reptiles, which he had found asleep under his pack. The Gentoo flew to beg its life, protesting that it would do no hurt if it was not first provoked; at the same time, passing his hand under its belly to carry it out of the camp, when suddenly it turned round and bit his little finger. The unfortunate martyr of a fanatic charity gave a shriek, took a few steps, and fell down senseless. They flew to his assistance, applied the serpent-stone, fire, and scarifications, but they were all ineffectual—his blood was already coagulated. About an hour after, I saw the body, as they

were going to burn it, and I thought I perceived some indications of a complete dissolution of the blood."

The Burning Serpent is nearly of the same form with the preceding. Its skin is not quite so deep a brown, and is speckled with dark green spots; its poison is almost as dangerous, but it is less active, and its effects are very different. In some persons, it is a devouring fire, which, as it circulates through the veins, soon occasions death; the blood dissolves into a lymphatic liquor, resembling thin broth, apparently without having passed through the intermediate state of coagulation, and runs from the eyes, nose, and ears, and even through the pores. In other subjects, the poison seems to have chapped the very nature of the humors in dissolving them; the skin is changed and becomes scaly, the hair falls off, the limbs are tumified, and the patient feels all over his body the most excruciating pains, followed by numbness, and is not long in perishing. It is, however, said, that some have been cured by remedies well and soon applied. The poison of these reptiles appears to me, to be in general more powerful, according as they live in hot and dry places, where they feed upon insects that abound with saline, volatile, and acrimonious particles.

¹⁸ "Here Goran's sons." Goran, or Goram, a nation of negroes who live wholly in the deserts, have no intercourse with any other, and have a language altogether peculiar to themselves. Leo Africanus says, that they are descended from the Zingani.

¹⁹ "Here roams the Galla." Gallas, a cruel and ferocious nation, in the interior of Africa, of whom the Jaggas are supposed to be a colony.

²⁰ "Here Anzikains." A nation of cannibals, adjoining the Jaggas.

²¹ "And here the Jagga." A warlike and powerful nation of Africa, the most cruel and blood-thirsty of all that are known.

The country in possession of this people, extends along Matambu and

Benguela, from north-east to south-west, about nine hundred miles in length, but is narrow in proportion, being no more than from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles broad. This nation pays no attention to cultivation of any kind, but subsists wholly on plunder. The men are tall, stout, and strong, but very nimble and swift of foot, climbing up the steepest mountains and most craggy rocks with surprising agility. The women are large, well-formed, warlike, and active, and both sexes possess such a degree of intrepidity, that no enterprise is thought too hazardous for them, more especially when incited with the prospect of plunder, at which times they rush on their adversaries with a perfect unconcern for their lives. They esteem it a proof of bravery to attack the strongest and most ferocious animals, and as a still greater one, to be even more cruel and ferocious. This savage disposition is not confined to the nations they invade, but is extended to their own people, and even their kindred and children, whom, when they are in want of other food, they make no scruple to kill and eat. Their soldiers are neither well disciplined, armed, or clothed. Their offensive weapons are bows and arrows, spears, daggers, darts, and clubs; but, they are instructed to make more use of their defensive arms than their missive, being particularly directed to cover their bodies, which are almost naked, with their large oval shields, made of thick hides. This mode of combat proves of singular service in a retreat, as it secures them from the arrows and lances of their pursuers. After their enemies have expended their shafts upon their shields, they generally resume the attack with such vigor, as seldom fails of putting them to flight, which is always followed by a general slaughter, as they pay no respect to sex or condition, whenever victory declares itself in their favor. Battel, who resided amongst them several years, in describing the manner of educating their soldiers, observes, "These are not their own offspring, but the children of captives made by them in their excursions."

The following extract from Brunet's "Parallel of Religions," published at Paris in 1792, relative to the institutions of the Jaggas, will conclude this note :—

"It is not certainly known whether the horrible institutions of the Jaggas still remain in force. It is, however, certain, that they have been governed by thirty princes, since the time when Caluximbo, their sovereign, perished by the hands of his infamous subjects, for persisting in his refusal to drink the blood and eat the flesh of his fellow men. Caluximbo succeeded Chinguri, who was killed in battle, and who was himself the successor of Culemba, who, from a common soldier, became the husband of Tem-ban-Dumba, and poisoned her, to avoid the fatal consequences of the change which he perceived had taken place in the inclinations of that diabolical woman, who is said to have induced the Jaggas to adopt their barbarous laws, called Quixillas."

²² "Thy Eden, Afric, Whidda's landscapes rise." The kingdom of Whidda, is said to possess the finest soil, and one of the happiest climates in the world ; the whole country has the appearance of a highly cultivated garden, and is adorned with the richest and most beautiful landscapes.

²³ "The reed-built hamlets, &c." The Negro villages on the banks of the Senegal and the Gambia, are composed of huts built in a conical form, from reeds woven or twisted together, which make a very compact covering. The houses form a number of circles, one within the other, surrounded by palisades, or a quick fence of lime-trees, &c. There is usually a large tree in the centre of each village, under the shade of which the inhabitants are accustomed to assemble, for the purposes of council or festivity.

²⁴ "The vast Boabab spreads." This tree, the largest production of the vegetable kingdom, though never exceeding seventy feet in height, is of an almost incredible size, the trunk frequently measuring upwards of twenty-five feet in diameter, and the branches, which extend themselves horizontally, are from forty-five to fifty feet long, and of such size that each branch is equal to the largest trees in Europe.

²⁵ "Where proud Tombuctoo, &c." The city of Tombuctu, from late accounts, is said to be very wealthy, and almost as large as London, and to carry on a very extensive commerce, principally in slaves, with all parts of Africa. The cities of Houssa and Ghanara are also represented as very rich and populous.

"Where Houssa's domes," &c. Since the original note to this passage was written, our knowledge of the interior of Africa has been greatly increased by the industrious researches of a Brown, a Park, and a Hernemann; the two last of whom have, unfortunately, fallen victims to their laudable thirst of inquiry, and their zeal for the promotion of science, in the exploration of this almost unknown country. Indeed, the discovery of the true course of the Niger, has rendered it necessary for the author to make some material alterations in the lines themselves, as, when they were written, in conformity to a very commonly received opinion, he had supposed the Niger to be the same river with the Senegal.

(Addition to the information obtained by Mr. Park.)

Jackson, in his account of Morocco, describes Tombucto, from the information of merchants, who had gone thither in the caravans, as not only very large and populous, and containing many handsome edifices, but adds, that the inhabitants are much more courteous and civilized, and much less bigoted to their religion, and inveterate against the Christians, than M. Park was led to believe, from the accounts he had received; that the king, who is very powerful and immensely rich, has one of the largest libraries in the world, consisting of many thousands of volumes, principally in the Arabic language, on various subjects; among which are numerous translations from the ancients. To the accounts of later travelers, I am induced to add some notices of Tombuctu, and the cities of the Niger, by the Nubian Geographer, and Leo Africanus, taken from a translation of some passages from them, contained in an old book, entitled, "Travels into the inland parts of Africa, by Francis Moore." The Nubian, who has divided his work into Climates, gives the following account of several cities on the Niger, in Part 2, of Climate 1:—

“In Ghana, are two cities,”—(it appears, that the author’s meaning, is, that the great city of Ghana, as he denominates it elsewhere, was divided by the river or lake, into two parts,)—“situated on the two opposite shores of what they call a fresh-water sea, and is the largest, most populous, and wealthiest, in all the Negro countries; and thither the rich merchants resort, not only from all the neighboring places, but also from the remotest parts of the West. Its inhabitants are Musselmén; and the king, who derives his pedigree from Abi Taleb, is absolute, although he pays obedience to Abbasacus, Emperor of the Musselmén,” (one of the Caliphs of the Abbassides.) “He hath a palace, which is a strong and well-fortified structure, on the bank of the Nile,” (thus he denominates the Niger,) “with apartments adorned with various engravings, paintings, and glass windows. The aforesaid palace was built in the five hundred and tenth year of the Hegira.” “And, from the confirmed reports of the people who come from (that country) the West, there is in the palace of the king, an entire lump of gold, not cast, nor wrought by any instrument, but perfectly formed by the Divine Providence only, of thirty pounds weight, which has been bored through, and fitted for a seat to the royal throne: And truly, it is a most extraordinary thing, granted to no other but to him, by which he procures to himself a peculiar glory, in comparison of all the Negro kings. And that king, as is reported, is the most just of all men.” (The Geographer then proceeds to detail his mode of administering justice, which was daily done by him, in going through the city on horseback, accompanied by his guards; when he listened to the petitions of all who had been aggrieved.) “He generally wears a habit of sattin, or a black mantle, after the Arabian manner, with drawers, and leathern sandals on his feet. He always goes on horseback. He has abundance of rich ornaments; and horses, with most sumptuous trappings, on solemn days, led before him. He has many troops, who march, each with their colors under his royal banner; elephants, camels, and various kinds of animals, which are found in the Negro countries, precede him.” “From the city of Ghana, to the confines of the country of Vancara,” (Wangora, as called by some authors,) “is a journey of eight days;

and this" [country] "of Vancara, is most famous for the excellency and plenty of its gold. It is an island of three hundred miles in length and one hundred and fifty in breadth, which the Nile surrounds all the year. But, the month of August approaching, and the scorching heat increasing, and the Nile overflowing, that island, or at least the greater part of it, is covered with water, and remains so, as long as the Nile is wont to overflow. But, when the waters decrease, and the Nile begins to gather itself in its proper channel, all who are in the kingdom of the Blacks, living in those islands, return to their habitations; and every day in which the Nile decreases, they slightly dig the earth, and not one of them is disappointed in his labor; but, whosoever he be, by digging, finds more or less of gold, according to the gift of God."

"Next to the cities of the country of Vancara, lies the great and populous city Tirca, distant from Ghana six days journey; the road lies along the banks of the Nile. From Tirca to the city Marasa, is reckoned six days; and from this to the country of Secmara, is also six days journey. From that to the city Semagda, is eight days. The last is a beautiful and neat city, situated on the shore of a fresh-water sea, and distant from the city Reghebil nine days. Also from the city Secmara to the city of Reghebil, towards the South, is a journey of six days. The city Reghebil lies also on the shore of a fresh-water sea, and is of a beautiful form and bigness, situated under a mountain, which hangs over it, on the South side. Between the city Reghebil, towards the West and Ghanara, there is a distance of eleven days. The city Ghanara is on a bank of the Nile, inclosed with a strong wall, and inhabited by a numerous and robust people. Also, from this city to that of Ghana, is a journey of eleven days, where water is very scarce. All these countries are under the dominion of the king of Ghana."

Leo Africanus, as he relates, in his youth, accompanied his uncle to Tombuctoo, who was sent thither as an ambassador from the king of Fez, and, as it appears, was there a second time. Such is his description of the kingdom of Tombuctoo, called by him Tombuto. "The name of this kingdom is modern. It was so called," (as some think,) "from the name of a certain town, which, they say, was built by king Mense

Suliman, in the year of the Hegira 610, situate within twelve miles of a branch of the Niger. The houses here are built in the shape of bells; the walls are stakes or hurdles, plastered over with clay, and the houses covered with reeds; yet, there is one stately mosque, the walls of which are made of stone and lime. The royal palace is also built of stone, by an excellent artist from Grenada, as also many of the shops of the artificers and merchants. Here are great numbers of weavers of cotton cloth; and hither the cloth of Europe is brought by the Barbary merchants. It is customary here for all the women to go with their faces covered, except the maid-servants, who sell food. The inhabitants, especially the strangers that reside there, are very rich, insomuch that the present king gave both his daughters in marriage to two rich merchants. Here are many wells, the water of which is excellent; and, as often as the Niger overfloweth, its water is conveyed into the town by certain sluices. There is great plenty of corn, cattle, milk, and butter in this region, but a scarcity of salt, which is brought hither by land from Tegaza, five hundred miles distant. When I, myself, was here, I saw one camel's load of salt, sold for eighty ducats. The rich king of Tombuto, hath in his possession many golden plates and sceptres, some whereof are thirteen hundred ounces in weight, and he keeps a splendid and well furnished court. In traveling, he rideth himself upon a camel, and one of his greatest officers leads his horse after him. He also in war rideth a camel, but all his soldiers ride on horses. Whosoever will speak to the king, must prostrate himself at his feet, and then taking up dust, must sprinkle it on his own head and shoulders, which custom is observed by them that never saluted the king before, or who come as ambassadors from other princes. His attendants consist of three thousand horsemen, and a great number of footmen, who use poisoned arrows. They have frequent skirmishes with those that refuse to pay tribute; and their captives they sell to the merchants of Tombuto. There are not many horses bred here, and the merchants and courtiers have certain little nags to ride upon; but their best horses come from Barbary. When the king is informed of a merchant coming to town with horses, he orders a certain number to be brought

to him, and, chosing the best, he payeth a great price for him. He hath such an inveterate hatred against the Jews, that they are not allowed admittance into his city; and whatsoever Barbary merchants he finds to traffic with them, he immediately commandeth their goods to be confiscated. The king, at his own expense, liberally maintaineth here great numbers of doctors, priests, judges, and other learned men. There are manuscripts brought hither out of Barbary, which are sold for more money than any other merchandise. Instead of money, they use bars of gold; and in matters of small value, certain shells, which are brought hither from the kingdom of Persia, four hundred of which are worth a ducat. The inhabitants are of a mild and gentle disposition, and are wont to spend great part of the night in singing and dancing. They have many men and women slaves, and their town is very apt to be set on fire; when I was there the second time, almost half the town was burnt down in the space of five hours. Without the suburbs are neither gardens nor orchards."

The same author says of the kingdom of Ghinea, called by the natives, Genna, that it is nearly five hundred miles in length, extending two hundred and fifty miles along the river Niger; that there is neither town or castle throughout this region, but one great village, which is inhabited by the prince, together with his priests, doctors, merchants, and all the principal men. The houses are of the shape of a bell, with clay walls, and roofs covered with reeds. The dress of the inhabitants is black or blue cotton, except the priests and doctors of the law, who wear white. The overflowings of the Niger, annually, surround this country in manner of an island, during the three months of July, August, and September, during which time the merchants of Tombutu bring their wares hither in canoes.

He also mentions among other kingdoms situated on or near the Niger, that of Melli, (which extends almost three hundred miles along the bank of a river that runs into the Niger,) and is bordered on the north on Ghinea. This kingdom contains a town of six thousand families, called Melli, from whence the kingdom has received its name. In this town resides the king. The country abounds with corn, flesh,

and cotton. Strangers are honorably received and entertained by the king. The inhabitants are rich, and have among them a great number of artificers and merchants. There are likewise many mosques, priests, and professors. The people are, in wit, civility, and industry, superior to all the other Negroes, and were the first who embraced Mahometanism."

²⁶ "And bow to Xaca and Amida's name." Xaca, a god of the Japanese, the supposed founder of idolatry among them. His mother dreamed of a white elephant, whence the predilection is supposed to have arisen, which the kings of Japan, Siam, and some of the other Eastern princes, have for elephants of that color. Xaca withdrew into a desert, where he invented his system of worship; and, on his re-appearance in the world, soon obtained proselytes to the number of eighty thousand, from whom he selected one thousand to preach and disseminate his doctrines. His disciples pretend that he passed through eighty thousand transmigrations, his soul having inhabited the bodies of so many different animals before his reception among the gods. He is sometimes represented with three heads; at others with but one, in the figure of a man, sitting in the Japanese manner, and extending his hands like a devotee. Around his neck he has a chain of gold shells, set with precious stones; his arms are adorned with ribbons, with ornaments at the ends like tassels, and he has a silken sash about his waist. On either side of him are golden scales suspended, and the table on which he sits is decorated with censers, hung by golden chains, in which incense is continually burnt. His followers practise the greatest austerities, and even starve themselves, in order to obtain the prize of martyrdom. (See Bell's Pantheon.)

Amida, another god of the Japanese, the sovereign lord and master of Paradise. He is represented as an invisible, incorporeal, and immutable substance, distinct from all the elements—who existed before nature; who is the source of every good, without beginning or end, infinite and unbounded, and the creator of the world. He is worshiped in a singular manner by some of his devotees, who drown themselves in

honor of him. The self-devoted victim enters, in presence of the idol, into a little boat, gilt and adorned with silken streamers. He then dances to the sound of musical instruments ; and fastening to his legs and neck some heavy weights, precipitates himself into the river. Others inclose themselves in a narrow space, walled round with stones, where they constantly employ themselves in calling upon his name, until they expire. He is represented mounted on a horse with seven heads, on an altar ; this figure is emblematical of seven thousand years. The idol, itself, has the head of a dog, and holds in its hand a golden circle, which it is biting ; he is clad in a rich robe, adorned with gold and precious stones. (Bell's Pantheon.)

Thunberg, who, in the year 1776, accompanied the Dutch embassy to the Japanese court at Jeddo, and who has described the temples of two of their gods—Darbud and Quanwan—which, on his return through Meaco, he was permitted to visit, says, that the Supreme Being is by the worshipers of Budd in Japan, called Amida ; that the ancient and pure religion of that empire, however, is called the Sinto, which is that of the emperor, and that its temples contain no image of the deity, but only a mirror, placed in the centre with some pieces of white paper.

The following is the description given by that traveler of the temples and images of Darbud and Quanwan : “ The temple of Darbud is the largest and most remarkable. It stands on ninety-six pillars, and has several entrances, which are very lofty, but extremely narrow. The body of the temple consists of two stories that run into each other, and have consequently a double roof ; the uppermost of which is supported by several painted pillars of about two yards in diameter. The floor was formed of square pieces of marble. The only thing that was wanting, was light sufficient for so large and magnificent a building. The image of Darbud stood nearly in the centre, and was enough to strike the beholder with terror. It was in a sitting posture, elevated about two yards from the ground, with its legs crossed in the Indian manner, and gilt. The ears were long, the hair short and curled, the shoulders naked, the body covered with a wrapper, the right hand raised, and the left placed edgeway against the belly. To any one who had not seen

it, the size must appear incredible. I was assured that six men might sit on the palm of the hand in the Japanese manner, with their feet under them. It appeared to be well-proportioned, although it was so broad that its shoulders reached from one pillar to the other, which, to judge by the eye, appeared to be about thirty or thirty-two feet apart. I was next conducted to another temple nearly as majestic. Neither the height or breadth of it was extraordinary, but its length was great. This was sacred to Quanwan; and his image, with those of his attendant deities in great numbers, was set up in this edifice. In the midst sat Quanwan, furnished with thirty-six hands; near him were placed sixteen others, larger than the human size, but much inferior to that of Quanwan; these occupied a separate room, partitioned to themselves; on both sides were two rows of gilt idols, each with twenty hands. These were succeeded by several rows on each side of the others, of the size of a man, placed quite close to each other, the number of which I could not reckon. Those that were forward were the smallest, and those behind gradually larger, so that all the twelve rows might be seen very distinctly. The heads of the small idols were placed on their hands, and the whole number was said to amount to thirty-three hundred and thirty-three. These idols, as well as the sect that worship them, derive their origin from India. It is the sect of Buddah."

Xaca is probably the same with Budd or Budha, whose religion has extended itself from India over China and Japan, as many of the circumstances in the account of the life of the former, are conformable to what is related of the latter.

"Whence art mechanic wears her fairest forms." The Japanese, in some few branches of the manufacturing arts are, perhaps, unequaled by any people in the world. I have seen a Japanese sabre of admirable workmanship and inimitable temper; such was its keenness as readily to sever a hair when suspended, and the person who showed it to me, said, that he had himself seen the proof of the excellence of its temper made by its cutting in two a tenpenny nail.

27 "Imperial Jeddo's," &c. The capital of Japan. It is one of

the largest and most opulent cities in the East. The emperor's palace is square, and five miles in circumference ; a part of the roof is said to be covered with golden plates.

²⁸ " And, vain of antique fame," &c. It has become of late almost as much the fashion to diminish, as it was during a part of the last century to elevate, the antiquity of the Chinese. But, without pretending to the least faith in their extravagant and absurd claims to antiquity, a reasonable share of it cannot well be refused to a people, who, it appears, from recent and undoubted information, have possessed a standard Dictionary of their language, from nearly two hundred years before our era. Such is the account given by the ingenious Mr. Marshman, who was at great trouble to collect information respecting those Dictionaries that were of established reputation in China. 'The earliest work of this kind, says he, and which is still appealed to as high authority, is mentioned in the Introduction to the Imperial Dictionary, as a compilation made by the learned men of the empire, under an Emperor of the Han dynasty, which occupied the throne about two hundred years before Christ.

²⁸ " In richest state, here cultivation reigns." Cultivation is carried to so great a height in China, that the inhabitants cultivate even the bottoms of their waters ; and the beds of their ponds and streams produce crops that are unknown elsewhere. Their industry has discovered resources in a number of aquatic plants, several of which, as the Pi-tsi, or Water-chesnut, and the Linen-hoæ, are the greatest delicacies of a Chinese table. The government has caused this lost land to be cultivated in all the lakes, marshes, and waste grounds covered with water, which belong to the state. The canals that ornament the imperial gardens, and the ditches that surround the palace, are filled with it. The flowers and leaves of this plant cover those two immense sheets of water in the centre of Pekin, which are only separated by a bridge. The Pi-tsi grows only in the southern provinces ; its leaves are as long as those of the bulrush, but hollow, and formed into a pipe, like the top of an onion. Its fruit is found in a cover formed by its root, in which

it is inclosed. When this husk is broken, the fruit may be extracted without injuring the plant. It is very wholesome, and has a delicate taste. (Natural History of China.)

²⁹ "She bids the Jaka and the Lichi bloom." The Jaka, or Tse-tse, is a fruit peculiar to China. Those of the southern provinces are very sweet; the seeds are black and flat, and the pulp extremely slimy and juicy. The tree which produces it is very beautiful; it is as large as the walnut-tree; the leaves in the spring and summer are of a bright green, but in autumn become of a beautiful red. The fruit is of the size of an apple; as they ripen, they assume an orange color, and when dried are as sweet as figs. The Li-tchi is of the size of a date; the stone is long and very hard, and covered with a soft juicy pulp of an exquisite flavor. This pulp is inclosed in a rough, thin rind, shaped at one end like an egg. This fruit is delicious, but is apt, when eaten to excess, to produce an eruption over the whole body. It is found only in the southern provinces.

³⁰ "Rears the rich Tea, unfolds her snowy flowers." Tea grows in the valleys, and at the foot of the mountains; rocky grounds produce that of the best quality. The root of this shrub is like that of the peach, and its flowers resemble the white wild-rose. It grows from five to six feet in height. The branches form a tufted top, much like that of the myrtle, and are covered with beautiful green leaves, that are narrow and about an inch and a half long.

³¹ "Pay adoration to a human God." The city of Teshoo-Loomboo, the capital of Thibet, is the residence of the Grand, or Teshoo-Lama, who unites in himself, to a certain degree, both the spiritual and temporal power, and is revered as a god by the inhabitants of a vast extent of country, comprehending most of the tribes of Tartary, some of the people of farther India, and a great part of China, who annually send their ambassadors to render him homage, furnished with magnificent presents. He is thought to be immortal, and death as merely a

renovation of his youth. The priests who watch over and serve him, always taking care during his life to provide him a successor. For this purpose they select a beautiful child, resembling as much as possible the reigning Lama, whom they have educated under their immediate inspection with the utmost strictness, and who, within a certain period after the decease of his predecessor, is installed with great solemnity and magnificence. The number of priests immediately attached to the service of the Lama, for the performance of daily offices in the temple, amount to about seven hundred. A very singular and interesting account of an interview between the Teshoo-Lama and an officer in the service of the East India Company, may be seen in Sir W. Jones's Asiatic Dissertations, in which the effects of early instruction, exemplified in the propriety of conduct displayed by an infant of eighteen months old—the Lama being no more—almost exceeds credibility.

³² "Its peopled wave where shining Canton pours." At Canton great numbers of the Chinese live constantly on the water in covered vessels or boats, and there are many of them who never quit these habitations. This is not the case at Canton, alone, but on all the large rivers of China. A circumstance not so surprising, when the immense population of that empire is considered, amounting to two hundred millions of inhabitants

³³ "What swarming cities crowd," &c. China is said to contain four thousand four hundred and two walled cities; and its towns and villages, the most of which are rich, commercial, and populous, are almost innumerable. The village of King-te-ching, in the province of Kiongsi, alone, is estimated to contain a million of inhabitants, who daily consume upwards of ten thousand loads of rice. This compact and populous village, which extends for a league and a half along the banks of a beautiful river, contains about five hundred furnaces for porcelain, which are in continual use. (General Description of China.)

³⁴ "Where the deep Kiang rolls his waters blue." The Kiang, from the depth and appearance of its water, called the blue river, by the Chinese.

"Nankin, thy piles," &c. The city of Nankin is of an almost incredible extent. Its inhabitants are estimated at three millions, and its walls are said to be fifteen leagues and a half in circumference.

³⁵ "Thy Porcelain Tower," &c. The Porcelain Tower of Nankin, one of the most splendid edifices in Asia, is upwards of two hundred feet in height, covered with the most beautiful porcelain tiles, and adorned with an infinite variety of sculptured figures.

³⁶ "Great Confucius blest." Confu-tsce, or Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher, was born about four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. About the age of twenty he married and had a son, but soon after quitted his wife, in order to pursue his studies without interruption. Having acquired a high reputation for knowledge, he was solicited to accept the office of civil magistrate; but preferring the less splendid, though not less important employment of instructing youth, he opened a school, which increased to such a degree that the number of his pupils amounted to no less than five thousand. He delivered the most excellent precepts of morality, and persuaded the women to lay aside their fantastic dresses and many ridiculous customs which prevailed among them, and to adopt others more suitable to the modesty and dignity of the female character. In close application to study, and in the constant practise of every public and private virtue, this great man lived to the age of seventy. The period of his existence was finally shortened by grief for the dissolute manners of his disciples, and he died, carrying with him to the grave the esteem and regret of the whole empire.

³⁷ "The purple Mutang," &c. Mou-tan, a shrub cultivated and held in high estimation by the Chinese. It is sometimes called Hoa-ouang, or the king of flowers. This plant shoots forth a number of

branches, which form a top nearly as large as those of the finest orange-trees in boxes. They sometimes, but rarely, grow to the height of eight or ten feet. The leaves of the Mou-tan are deeply indented, and of a much darker green above than below. Its flowers, composed of numberless petals, blow like a rose, and are supported by a calyx, composed of four leaves. From the bottoms of the petals rise several staminæ, which have small anthers of a rich gold color.

³⁸ "The Tallow grove," &c. The Tallow-tree is carefully cultivated by the Chinese, and planted in squares, or quincunxes. The leaves are of a bright red, and the tree produces a very fine white wax from which their candles are made.

³⁹ "Here art with life," &c. Among the various ingenious works of art produced by the Chinese, one of the most extraordinary is a most beautiful species of Porcelain, mentioned by du Halde, the secret of making which is, at present, in a great measure lost. This, on being filled with any pellucid liquor, exhibited upon the sides the figures of insects, fish, plants, &c., which, on removing the liquor, immediately became invisible.

⁴⁰ "Hence meanest arts," &c. "To such a height is the desire of amassing wealth carried in China," (says M. de Guignes,) "that there are no means, however base, but what are resorted to, to obtain it. Whenever the Imperial Commissioners arrive in any of the provinces, all the Mandarins hasten to anticipate their wishes and to offer them presents. These, it can scarcely be expected they should refuse, since the Emperor himself is accustomed to receive them to a very great amount. This fondness for presents has from time immemorial prevailed in China. A Viceroy, before taking possession of his office, pays from sixty thousand to two hundred thousand francs; and there is not a Commissioner or Viceroy who does not acquire, during his stay in office, from two to three millions. I have known, myself, a Hopou of

Canton, on quitting his office, after a year's residence, carry off with him a million of dollars."

⁴¹ "The vast bulwark of yon massy pile." The celebrated wall of China, built to preserve that empire from the incursions of the Tartars, more than two thousand years ago, is five hundred leagues in length, thirty feet high, and of sufficient breadth to admit six horsemen with ease to ride abreast on its top.

THE
Charms of Fancy.



BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

INDIA beyond the Ganges.—Its Kingdoms. Cochin-China; Tonquin; Siam. Rivers Mecon and Menan. Superb annual procession of the Siamese Monarch. Empire of Ava. Description of the capital city of Pegu; Splendor of the Palace; Magnificent Temples, and Superstition of the Peguans. Islands of Sunda, Sumatra, Java. The Bohon Upas Tree. Borneo. The Ourang Outang. Celebes. The Opium Tree. Character of the Macassars. Molucca Islands. Indostan;—Its Rivers. Ancient Temple of Sum-nat. Islands of Salsette and Elephanta. Gigantic Sculptures of the Gods of India. Ruins of Kinnouge. Cities of the Mogul Empire. Imperial Palace at Delhi. Magnificence of the Court. Reflections on its empty pomp and ostentatious parade. Ancient Innocence and Simplicity of the Natives. Peace and Happiness of India before the Tartarian Invasion. Reflections on the Comparative Happiness of Wealthy and Indigent Countries. European Cruelties. Savagi, Chief of the Mahrattas, successfully opposes the subjection of his country by Aurungzebe. Hyder Ally. Persia. Its Poets.—Ferdousi, Janni, Hafir. Character of the Persians. Cyrus. Xerxes. The Magi. Zoroaster;—his Tenets. Persian Cities. Ruins of Persepolis. Gardens of Shiraz. Arabia. Description of the Desert. Attack and Destruction of a Caravan by the Arabs. Ruins of Palmyra. Longinus. Zenobia. Temple of the Sun. Egypt. The Nile. Alexandria. Pompey's Pillar. Cairo. The Pyramids, considered as the favorite seat of Superstition.

THE
CHARMS OF FANCY.

Book the Third.

FROM placid seats, by gay contentment own'd,
⁽¹⁾ Where Justice sits in majesty enthroned,
And sees a grateful realm with joy obey
The virtuous mandates of parental sway;
To lands where wealth his dazzling charms displays,
Where every jewel lights its gorgeous blaze,
Varies the view.—Lo! different climes appear,
Where torrid summer rules the blossom'd year—
Where India's Genius, on her eastern shores,
The despot rule of petty kings deplores.

Here rice-clad Tonquin boasts her wide domains,
And fair Cambodia spreads her fertile plains:
Near, Cochin-China, highly favor'd soil,
Where lurks no pilfering thief in quest of spoil,

No hoary mendicant, with famine pale,
Implores compassion in a piteous tale.

Here, rich in mines of gold, their genial store
O'er sparkling sands, Siam's fair rivers pour, [tides;
Through blossom'd woods, thick-trembling o'er his
Through fragrance-breathing groves the Mecon glides;
Innumerable peacocks ⁽²⁾ midst the o'erhanging glooms,
Perch'd in proud state, display their gold-eyed plumes;
While, with reflected forms, the wave below
Gives back the colors of the April bow
Bright emblem of the clime! in sportive fold,
The beauteous Boiga ⁽³⁾ waves his length of gold;
O'er his bright form, with varying tinctures gay,
The richest colors dart a splendent ray:
In verdant lustre there the emerald gleams,
The sparkling topaz pours its golden beams;
And, with the sapphire's mild cerulean light,
The semblant ruby's crimson fires unite.
In floating myriads, lightning o'er the stream,
The twinkling ⁽⁴⁾ Fire-Fly wakes her nightly beam;
O'er the still wave the lambent splendor plays,
High leaps the fish, rejoicing in the blaze;

By flashing fits the living flames expire,
And the whole prospect glows one widely-waving fire.

Through bliss-inspiring scenes, through citied vales,
In mazy beauty, Menan gently steals ;
Proud ⁽⁶⁾ Odian's walls the silver current laves,
The tall towers, sparkling, tremble in the waves :
With golden roofs far-bright'ning o'er the sky,
Itself a city, swells her palace high.

And lo ! the massy gate, unclosing wide,
Rolls through the figured arch a dazzling tide.
The ⁽⁶⁾ circuit now begins, in annual state ;
Around the monarch bands of nobles wait,
While, raised amidst the proudly-servile throng,
Borne on a towering elephant along,
O'er whose vast frame, in gem-starr'd trappings roll'd,
A crimson covering shines, with flowers of gold ;—
In sovereign pomp the despot sits supreme,
Array'd in robes that mock the noontide beam.
A train of elephants, succeeding slow,
Swells the long order of the pageant show ; [crowds,
The flower-strew'd streets are fill'd with gazing
The throng'd roofs tremble with unusual loads ;

Where'er the proud procession passes, all
In base prostration to their idol fall,
As if some power divine, from opening skies,
Had burst in glory on their dazzled eyes.

Bright in the splendors of imperial rule,
Here Ava's prince extends his high control—
Sees realms, the prize of war, his sceptre own,
And powerful princes bow before his throne :
Proud ⁽⁷⁾ Anacan reluctant homage yields,
And mourns Pegea her tributary fields;
Her ancient honors lost, her mighty name
Soil'd with disgraceful marks of vassal shame.
O'er the fair borders of yon azure flood,
Her city rises like a vernal wood,
Where domes in gilded pomp salute the skies,
And rows of trees in verdant bloom arise :
The golden lustre, mingling with the green,
Forms in assemblage bright a new, enchanting scene.
High o'er the rest, with glitt'ring turrets crown'd,
The castled palace lifts an ample round ;
The ⁽⁸⁾ sculptured hall with every jewel beams,
Whence day perpetual pours in lucid streams ;

Horrid in frowning gold, in silver dire,
Here giant forms in threat'ning ranks aspire ;
Their sapphire zones an azure light disclose,
And crowns of rubies sparkle on their brows.
Innumerable spreading o'er her far-stretch'd plains,
Magnificent ascend the ⁽⁹⁾ idol fanes ;
There, bright with gems, within their sacred shrine,
In gold horrific lie the forms divine.
No shapes so monstrous wildering fancy frames,
And none so hideous haunt the sick-man's dreams ;
Yet these her priest-deluded sons adore,
As gods revere them, and as gods implore.

To Fancy's view now Sunda's islands rise,
Bright in all blooms that glow in tropic skies,—
Where the gay Orange hangs her fragrant fruit,
Their luscious clusters mild Bananas shoot ;
Of taste embrosial, rich Ananas swell,
And the tall Cocoa rounds her milky shell.
Here, long Sumatra bends her deep'ning bays,
Where fields of Pepper blacken in the blaze :
From inland mountains, proud in savage gloom,
Whose central caverns ripening ores entomb,

Her numerous torrents whitening down the sides,
Through gold-strew'd channels lead their rushing tides;
Hence Indapoorá ⁽¹⁰⁾ pours a sanguine train,
And blushes on, red-rolling to the main.

Like some low mist, o'er settled ocean spread,
Fair Java rises from her wat'ry bed.
Here, rich Batavia lifts her shining towers,
And numerous cities grace the fertile shores:
But lurid wildness glooms the inlands wide,
Where the lone ⁽¹¹⁾ Upas spires in deadly pride;
In sullen horror frowns the region round—
No lively verdure cheers the sick'ning ground:
For many a league no tree its honors rears,
No scatter'd shrub, nor lonely plant appears;
Each tainted gale, that sweeps the mournful heath,
With venom loaded, breathes immediate death;
No savage tenant of the shady grove,
With vent'rous footsteps, here attempts to rove;
No tuneful choirs here hail the opening day—
None vagrant round on careless pinions stray;
But all instinctive shun the dreary waste,
Where fate, exulting, rides the poison'd blast.

Bright o'er the rest the queen of islands smiles;
Vast ⁽¹²⁾ Borneo, rising midst her subject isles.
Gay wave her woods along the circling strand,
And groves of Camphor shade the scented land;
Of size gigantic, here the Ourang roves
Through the wild tangles of the searchless groves—
In human form the monster stalks along,
Grimly majestic, mid the savage throng.

Near Celebes, in pride of nature drest,
Heaves her fair bosom o'er the wat'ry waste;
The woolly plant adorns her fertile vales,
And waves its yellow blossoms to the gales;
The ⁽¹³⁾ Opium spreads its dulling langours round,
And droops its nodding branches o'er the ground.
No sun e'er marks its glooms with cheerful ray,
No birds melodious hop from spray to spray,
No rustling breeze awakes the torpid boughs,
No noise ungrateful mars the deep repose:
Here Sleep, dull Power, his sway imperial spreads,
Hence o'er the world his drowsy influence sheds,—
Bids listless heaviness each sense invade,
And seals the leaden eye in slumber's shade,

Gives to the wretch a respite from his woes,
The toil-worn slave, the sweets of wish'd repose,
The seaman peace amidst the stormy main,
And soothes the anguish'd on the bed of pain.

Skillful her sons, unrivall'd in the art
From hollow reeds to blow the poison'd dart :
Less sure of aim, where Lybia's woods expand
In glooms of horror o'er her hydra land,
The flitting ⁽¹⁴⁾ Serpent from the treach'rous bough,
Darts on the heedless passenger below :
Less instantaneous Fate's dark arrow flies
From the fell ⁽¹⁵⁾ Basilisk's envenom'd eyes :
A race of heroes, ⁽¹⁶⁾ whose unshaken souls
No abject fear of death, no pain controls ;
Not Sparta's sons, for valor famed afar,
By old Lycurgus form'd to deeds of war,—
Not northern tribes, whom Odin's doctrines gave
With joy the terrors of the fight to brave,
A more intrepid spirit e'er display'd, [vey'd;
Or with more calm contempt the frowns of death sur-
Not the wild Mohawk, nursed in human woe,
Amid the flames who taunts his cruel foe,

Whose savage pride of fortitude to quell,
Torture in vain exerts his utmost skill,
With more unshrinking stubbornness sustains
The varied round of vengeance' studied pains.

Like distant clouds Molucca's islands rise,
Blue-skirting o'er the edge of southern skies :
There glows in yellow bloom the Nutmeg grove,
And dark-red honors crown the fragrant Clove ;
Here birds of Paradise, in sportive rings,
Bright in the sunbeam, ply their silken wings,
Whose glossy plumes such vivid tints adorn
As gleam from dew-drops in the eye of morn.
Mark'd by his gorgeous hues and length of tail,
In waving curls loose floating on the gale,
Amid the rest the king distinguish'd shines,
And forms the order of their marshall'd lines ;
Now in swift flight, on downy pinion, roves
Through walks of Cinnamon and Nutmeg groves ;
Now on some tall tree's topmost bough, at ease,
Inhales the fragrance of the spicy breeze ;
Or, when the shifting Monsoon's rage prevails,
And mad'ning tempests swell th' autumnal gales,

High o'er the clouds he wings his airy flight,
To azure realms and fields of purest light;
In conscious pride his subject-bands precedes,
Who joyful follow where their monarch leads;
Surveys, with eyes serene, the storm below,
Or marks the beauties of the prismatic bow.

O'er diamond realms, majestic, deep and strong,
In sacred pomp where Ganges moves along;
Where, by a thousand streams unknown supplied,
The Bunampooter ⁽¹⁷⁾ pours his mightier tide;
Or Indus rolls its wave, lo! prospects new,
Attired in splendor, open on my view.
Mid fair Cambaya's plains, in plenty drest,
Proud Ahmedabad lifts its regal crest;
Erst on yon shore, near Diu's present site,
Thy temple, ⁽¹⁸⁾ Sum-nat, rear'd its sacred height,
Before whose shrine adoring India bow'd,
And own'd, from earliest time, her greatest god;
While kings successive there their treasures pour'd,
And gifts of ages swell'd the countless hoard.

See, farther south, where ⁽¹⁹⁾ Salsette's island lies,
And Elephanta's sculptured rocks arise;

As now amid their cavern'd walks I roam,
And vast Pagoda's subterranean gloom,
What sculptured wonders to my view unfold!
What forms terrific of gigantic mould!
With hideous frowns seem starting from the stone,
The work of nations, and of times unknown.
Here India's gods, a host in dread array,
The various symbols of their power display.
With look composed great Brama here appears;
His savage mien the dire Destroyer ⁽²⁰⁾ rears:
Here Crishna ⁽²¹⁾ stands, the pride of India's plain,
And Vishnoo, glorious from the Tyrant ⁽²²⁾ slain.

Near Ganges' wave, yon heaps of ruins claim,
And still preserve, Kinnouge, ⁽²³⁾ thy mighty name!
How changed from that Kinnouge, the peerless seat
Of India's ancient kings, immensely great,
An empire in itself, afar renown'd,
The awe, the wonder of the realms around!
Wrapp'd in decay, have sunk thy towers and fanes,
Nor scarce a vestige of thy pomp remains;
Oft mid thy scenes, or where, in wealth array'd,
Bengal's fair capital her charms display'd.

Illustrious ⁽²⁴⁾ Gour! the boast of ancient days,
Absorb'd in pensive thought, the native strays;
While, as he views, in ruins scatter'd wide,
The mouldering monuments of Hindoo pride.
His country's old renown his bosom swells;
On those proud times with raptured view he dwells,
Till, haply checked, at once the vision ends,
And terror's freezing tide each power suspends,
As, from the covert of some thicket near,
The Tiger's ⁽²⁵⁾ hideous growl assails his ear,
Where, couch'd to earth, in act to spring, he lies,
And marks his destined prey with flaming eyes.

Here ancient Lahor lifts her tower-crown'd brows,
In crimson beauty Agra's ⁽²⁶⁾ palace glows;
And here, reflected in the Jumna's stream,
Thy domes superb, imperial Delhi, gleam.
High o'er the rest, with stately turrets crown'd,
Her royal palace looks sublime around;
And lo! the gates unclose, the court displays
Its dazzling wonders to my raptured gaze.
Retired in yon alcove of burnish'd gold,
Where wreathes the mimic vine in curling fold,

Green from whose stems the leaves of emerald shoot,
And glows the amethyst in purple fruit.
High on a gorgeous throne sublimely raised,
Thick starr'd with pearls, with every gem emblazed,
Sits the Mogul, ⁽²⁷⁾ in show a sovereign god,
And monarchs tremble at his awful nod.
His diamond robes a wide effulgence stream,
Bright as a summer sun's unclouded beam;
The rainbow-splendor of whose glancing rays
Wide o'er the hall in trembling radiance plays:
Around his vassal kings and Omrah band,
With gold adorn'd and gay in jewels, stand.
So when the moon, in full-orb'd glory bright,
Resplendent beaming through the shades of night,
From heaven's blue zenith pours her light serene,
The host of stars surround their smiling queen,
But, gleaming faint, with feeble lustre shine,
Lost in the splendor of her rays divine.

Vain mockery of power! Unreal show!
Joy's empty shade! The poor disguise of woe!
In vain the despot, mid encircling spears,
On terrors base his dome of greatness rears.

There still suspicion's pallid eye is seen,
And discontent exalts his gloomy mien,
And waits with watchful ken the fav'ring hour,
To rouse the pageant from his dream of power ;
While at each blast he trembles on his throne,
Nor scarce can count one moment as his own.
Was it this poor pre-eminence to gain,
At best delusive, dangerous and vain,
To stand exposed amid the storms of state,
To the fierce Afghan, ⁽²⁸⁾ and the barbarous Tate,
While foreign foes incursive arms prepare,
And near domestic treason plants its snare,
That, lost to justice and to honor dead,
Each tie of kin, each sense of friendship fled ?
So oft in arms fraternal kings have stood,
And impious sons have blush'd with parents' blood :
Such tragic fates the race of Timur known,
While murder form'd the cement of the throne.

But from the glare of courts, the pride of power,
Far different scenes the willing Muse allure ;
Where, deck'd in simpler beauties, nature reigns,
And spring purpureal clothes the genial plains ;

Where healthful temperance, of rosy dye,
Warms the flush'd cheek and sparkles in the eye;
Where, in cool ease, the harmless native, laid
Beneath the palm-tree, or the olive's shade,
As free from care the transient minutes move,
Recites the praises of his tawny love;
Or, fired to rapture, wakes his tuneful lays,
In hymns of gratitude, to Brama's praise.
Benignant Brama! Life-sustaining power!
From whose creative hand, in constant shower,
Its fated round of change still following, flows
Each good that man enjoys or nature knows;
Thrice happy land! his power indulgent fills
Thy plains with every fruit, with every gem thy hills.

Here, wild revenge, or ruthless lust of power
Ne'er gave the sword to reek with human gore;
But Innocence, unterrified by foes,
Securely smiled in undisturb'd repose.
Here, cheerful plenty, from her bounteous hand,
Spread the rich harvest o'er the fertile land,
And dove-eyed peace, in lucid robes serene,
With joy presided o'er the blissful scene;

Till from cold Scythia rush'd her savage brood,
Resistless, pouring wide a wint'ry flood.
O'er thy fair plains the impetuous torrent bends,
Dire desolation on its course attends;
The splendid structure to its fury yields,
And ripening treasures of thy waving fields;
Wild fly before it horror and dismay,
And death and havoc mark its dreadful way.
Then what avail'd the plenty of thy plains,
Thy golden treasures and thy jewell'd fanes?
Will nature's beauties, or the works of art,
To soft compassion melt the savage heart;
Or guardless wealth procure its feeble lord
A longer respite from the ruffian's sword?
Those boasted joys that wealthier climates know,
Too frequent prove the fatal source of wo.
Though nature there her gifts profusely pours,
And wealth exalting spreads his golden stores;
Though there the arts invite, the muses sing,
They ill repay the evils that they bring.
Their smiling plains, where vernal pleasures bloom,
And odorous trees exhale the rich perfume—

Their gold, their domes, magnificently gay,
But lure the robber to the tempting prey;
While colder climes, in penury secure,
Whose barren rocks no greedy foes allure,
Taught their own bliss by others' ills to prize,
No longer mourn their less indulgent skies;
But view, exulting in their happier state,
The woes severe that lovelier realms await.
So shines the fair, whose peerless graces move
The nymphs to envy and the youth to love;
Till, by some false seducer's arts betray'd,
Her beauty's victim, falls the hapless maid;
In ruin plunged, her charms no longer move
The nymphs to envy or the youth to love;
All join her fatal weakness to proclaim,
And scorn's cold sneer insults in pity's name.

But not alone from Scythia's savage train,
Has bleeding India mourn'd her children slain;
Thy polish'd sons, O Europe! lured by gold,
In these fair realms the blackest crimes unfold;
O'er her rich plains, like ravening wolves, they pour,
Let havoc loose, and bathe their steps in gore.

In vain the native, plunged in deepest woe,
For pity supplicates the ruthless foe ;
In vain his glittering treasures trembling yields,
And the rich produce of his cultured fields.
No beam of pity sheds its kindly rays ;
Through the cold breast unfeeling avarice sways ;
Nor gifts, though pour'd in copious tides, control
That raging fever of the sordid soul ;
The glittering present but incites desire,
And adds fresh fuel to the former fire.

Yet unrevenged has not Indostan view'd
Her ravaged regions drench'd with filial blood ;
Fired by her wrongs, her braver children rose,
The stern avengers of their country's woes ;
When Aurungzebe, defiled with brother's gore,
Through every crime attain'd the heights of power ;
Each awe-struck Rajah, trembling at his nod,
In base submission crouch'd beneath the rod.
With generous pride and freedom's brave disdain,
Sevagi ⁽²⁹⁾ simply scorn'd the servile chain—
Resolved no more to fill a shadowy throne,
Another's slave, in show a king alone ;

But the proud Despot's utmost force defy,
And live a monarch, or a monarch die.
Each mode in vain the guileful tyrant tried,
That fraud could dictate or that power supplied.
The Prince, no stranger to the courtly wile,
And ambush'd treachery of its hollow smile,
His plots eluded, and his hosts compell'd,
With shame repulsed, to fly the routed field;
While to his country's wrongs his vengeful sword
Of Tartar blood a glad libation poured,
Till, often foil'd, the baffled foe gave o'er,
And bade the weary contest rage no more.
There too, illustrious boast of modern time!
India's support, the glory of her clime,
In whom thy nation, with admiring eyes,
Beheld anew her loved Sevagi rise—
Exalted Hyder! whose capacious mind,
Each vast resource of various war combined,
Thy prowess lower'd the plume of British pride,
And check'd the fury of their hostile tide;
Their cruelties avenged, and gave, in turn,
The insulting victor's haughty hearts to mourn.

But from these plains, embrued with native blood,
Where waves of crimson swell the blushing flood,
Lo! Persia's realm allures my eager sight,
Where polish'd ease and social joys delight.
Hail! Land, where genius fires the raptured soul,
Where love of fame conducts to honor's goal,
Where poetry her beams celestial sheds,
In brightest splendor, o'er her votaries' heads,
And views, with proud delight, her tuneful throng,
In rapture's strains, rehearse the magic song.

In epic state, thy great ⁽³⁰⁾ Ferdousi reigns,
The mighty Homer of the Asian plains,
Whose strains sublime, with various beauties fraught,
With rich description and ennobling thought,
With equal force the raptured soul engage;
Mid scenes of peace, or mid the battle's rage,
Whether, serene in Feridoon ⁽³¹⁾ appears
The autumnal lustre of declining years,
Zal's ⁽³²⁾ youthful form the bloom of spring displays,
Raduva ⁽³³⁾ shines in beauty's peerless blaze,
Her death-doom'd Lord Afrasiab's ⁽³⁴⁾ daughter mourns,
Or Rustem ⁽³⁵⁾ dreadful in the battle burns

Pathetic Janu's ⁽³⁶⁾ melting numbers move,
In strains accordant with the notes of love;
Replete with life his warm descriptions shine,
And waken'd passion breathes in every line.
As shines the rose still moist with evening's tears,
So bright Zulrica ⁽³⁷⁾ mid her grief appears,
When from her sleepless couch she lifts her head,
The flattering vision of the morning fled.
Ill-fated fair one! thine the lot to prove
The bitter anguish of rejected love;
Though deck'd with charms the coldest heart to warm,
Each grace of mien, each elegance of form,
Absorb'd in grief, to black despair a prey,
Those charms neglected, pined in pale decay.

The force of beauty, and the power of wine,
In sprightly Hafir ⁽³⁸⁾ mirthful odes combine;
Nature, to whom he sung, attuned his lyre,
And fill'd his bosom with her genial fire;
Around his brows her fragrant garland twined,
Where laurel-wreath'd the rose of Shiraz shined.
Enchanting Bard! thy artless verse shall please
While the rich Musk Rose scents the passing breeze;

While Shiraz' vines with purple clusters shine,
And flows the generous juice in sparkling wine!

Though vile reproach thy sons, O Persia! stain,
As sunk in sloth, effeminate and vain,
Yet generous, hospitable, gay, refined,
To honor warm, to noble deeds inclined;
Though mild yet brave, though courteous yet sincere,

For winning manners famed, to genius dear;
With pride exulting, nature sees them stand,
Amidst the foremost of her favor'd band.

Here Cyrus, crown'd with palms of conquest,
shone,
Of kings the pride, the glory of a throne;
From hence, that fancied god, proud Xerxes, hurl'd
The bolts of terror o'er the Asian world;
When at his mandate pour'd her various host,
From distant regions, to Byzantium's coast,
O'er trembling Greece the floods of war to roll,
And freedom bend to tyranny's control.
Numerous as stars that gild the vault of night,
Ere rising Cynthia beams her placid light,

Whole realms are hid beneath the countless swarms,
And glows the prospect round one dazzling blaze of
arms.

Where'er, wide-sweeping, with resistless force,
The whelming myriads roll their wasteful course,
Exhausted fountains mourn their rivers dry,
And fertile plains in barren horror lie.
In vain the Hellespont's opposing tide
Rolls its deep flood and spreads a barrier wide ;
The monarch wills, he gives the fatal word ;
Submissive millions press to please their lord ;
Sudden, as form'd by necromantic lore,
The bridge enormous spreads from shore to shore,
And o'er it, bright in pomp of martial state,
A world dispeopled pours its mighty freight.

Here, learn'd in nature's works, the Magian
choir,

With secret rites, adored the sacred fire,
While rose in Mithra's praise their early lay,
Mithra, the god who lights the lamp of day ;
By Zoroaster ⁽⁴⁰⁾ taught, whose faith convey'd
Sublimest truths, though veil'd in mystic shade.

Exalted Sage! whose heaven-illuminated sight,
Mid prime effulgence, view'd the sire of light,
And pierced the central glooms of endless pain,
Where night's dark demon spreads his dire domain ;
Thy tenets adverse powers contending show'd,
Author of evil one, and one of good—
Great Oromazes, ⁽⁴¹⁾ whence all blessings flow,
And Arimanius, source accurst of wo.

As o'er the realm my airy course I bend,
What cities gay, in spiry pomp, ascend !
Here Ispahan exalts her regal head,
Here pearly Ormus' wealthy marts are spread ;
Here Tauris smiles, beneath her blissful skies ;
Here Kom's gay groves and Kashan's mosques arise ;
In mouldering horror, o'er the lonely plains,
Persepolis extends her sad remains ;
Far-famed Istakhar ! ⁽⁴²⁾ where, in rival pride,
With art's fair forms each charm of splendor vied ;
While wonder still, with pleasure ever new,
On Jemsheid's palace, fix'd her raptured view,
Till Macedonia's king, by wine subdued,
By wanton Thais' false enticements woo'd ;

To flames consign'd, in smould'ring ruin hurl'd,
That boast of art, and wonder of the world.
Now, grim, exulting o'er its desert space,
Lifts Desolation his destructive mace ;
By ruin strew'd in mingled heaps around,
Fanes, arches, porticoes conceal the ground ;
Columns on columns piled here meet the eye ;
Here the rent architrave and broken cornice lie.
Triumphant still o'er time's all-conquering might,
Here winds the marble stairway's lengthening flight ;
Here yet the imaged walls in glittering rows
The beauteous forms of sculptured art disclose,
Where mimic plants their flaunting foliage spread,
And sceptred monarchs lift the haughty head.
Through the cleft roof of yonder rifted pile
Spires the dark cypress, midst the nodding ile ;
The lonely wall-flower opes her modest charms
Betwixt yon weeping Cupid's mangled arms ;
Horrid with hoary moss, the aged thorn
Hangs its black berries o'er the broken urn ;
The wild vine wreathes her antic folds around
Yon column, mark'd by time with many a wound ;

The gate superb where watch'd the palace bands,
Its arch disjoin'd, in crumbling ruin stands;
The loose stone trembles from the nodding brow,
And waves its long moss o'er the pass below;
The sculptured hall where erst, in all the state
Of Eastern pomp, Darius proudly sate;
Where mighty Jemsheid, ⁽⁴³⁾ from his throne on high,
With peerless beauty charm'd the dazzled eye,
A refuge for each reptile base behold!
There the green Serpent coils his venom'd fold,
There lurks the Aspic cold, the bloated Toad,
There the black Scorpion makes his dire abode.
No festal lamp now beams meridian light,
No sound disturbs the still repose of night,
Save when the Bittern wakes her dismal cries,
From the gray tomb the Screech-Owl's shrieks arise,
Or the wild Jackall, o'er the desert plain,
With howl lugubrious, calls his kindred train.

But what perfumes delight my ravish'd sense?
What balmy odors mingled sweets dispense?
Borne on the pinions of the western gale,
That breathes its fragrance o'er yon blossom'd vale,

Lo, there what fields in rich luxuriance glow,
What crystal streams in wide meanders flow !
There, in green beauty, long-drawn lawns retire ;
There flowery groves in stately ranks aspire ;
And one bright sky, eternally serene,
With purest azure decks the enchanting scene.
Not fairer bloom'd gay Eden's blissful shade,
In infant nature's earliest charms array'd ;
Thy gardens, Shiraz, ⁽⁴⁴⁾ spread their beauties here,
Where spring unfading blossoms through the year.
Less fair the scenes where bright Barradia ⁽⁴⁵⁾ laves
Thy plains, Damascus ! with his genial waves ;
Less fair, Obolla, thy attractive shores,
Where lavish nature opes her richest stores ;
Less fair the plain, amid whose landscapes gay,
Thy towers, Samarcand, sparkle to the day !
Here richest fruits, the growth of every land,
Ope in gay bloom, in ripening state expand ;
From its dark green the golden Orange glows,
The downy Peach her cheek red-blushing shows ;
In purple clusters, from the bending vine,
With tempting show, nectareous grapes decline ;

Here fragrant flowers, of every vivid hue,
In soften'd lustre gleam, impearl'd with dew ;
Their mottled leaves there gaudy Tulips spread ;
Here the pale Lily hangs the pensive head—
Sad emblem of the Fair, in beauty's bloom,
With hopeless love slow-sinking to the tomb ;
The friendly Jessamine, on yonder bower,
Wreathes, with the Woodbine sweet, her snowy
 flower ;

In virgin diffidence, the blushing Rose
Here scarcely dares her opening buds disclose,
And there, full-blown, in matron pride unveils
Her crimson bosom to the wanton gales ;
The Anemone, in scarlet lustre gay,
Expands her petals to the cheering ray ;
Here boasts the Auricula her dress of gold,
The Polianthus' tinted leaves unfold,
And rich Ranunculus, of every dye,
That lights the morn, or paints the evening sky.
Beside yon flower-fringed stream, whose dimpling
 maze,
O'er yellow sands, in tuneful murmurs strays,

Long rows of Dates ⁽⁴⁶⁾ in stately pomp ascend,
And o'er the wave their snow-bloom'd branches
bend,

With shade inviting spread a cool retreat,
A grateful shelter from meridian heat.
The breeze, soft-rustling, scarcely curls the stream,
Bright in whose face the bordering Roses gleam.
Warm at his honey'd task, the Bee around
From flower to flower, low hums with busy sound,
Lulling, with murmurs soft, to transient rest,
Each rude emotion of the troubled breast.
Here painted songsters, of each beauteous dye,
Amidst the trees in wanton frolic fly,
Far trill around their melting notes of love,
And rapturous music vibrates through the grove.
Midst the green leaves, in scarlet plumage gay,
The little Red-bird wakes his tuneful lay ;
Where yon broad plaitain spreads its shadowy
leaves,

Her curious nest the little ⁽⁴⁷⁾ Artist weaves ; [rude,
There, screen'd from storms, from each intruder
In their green dwelling, hides her callow brood ;

Here the lone Charmer of the silent grove,
Tunes to the Rose ⁽⁴²⁾ his nightly tale of love,
While, bathed in evening's tears, the beauteous
 flower,
More lovely shines, unconscious of her power.
Enamel'd Butterflies, of every hue,
The Topaz' yellow, and the Sapphire's blue,
The Emerald's green, the Ruby's crimson dyes,
With silver border'd and instarr'd with eyes,
Bedropp'd with gold and bright in gleaming pearl,
In gaudy pride their filmy wings unfurl.
O'er the whole scene the sounds of mirth prevail,
And Love and Pleasure fill the smiling dale.

 But, from these breezy groves, these fragrant
 bowers,
These favor'd walks of nature, deck'd in flowers,
To joy-deserted plains my course I bend,
Where wild Arabia's dreary wastes extend.
Here no clear stream in murmuring windings roves ;
In blossom'd pride aspire no shady groves ;
With flow'rets deck'd no verdant lawns appear ;
No birds, their notes soft-warbling, charm the ear ;

o Zephyrs round a grateful fragrance cast :
at breathes alone the suffocating blast.

Now sultry mid-day glows—the source of light
tensely flames from heaven's meridian height ;
'er the hot sands his rays reflected gleam,
like waves bright-rolling in the morning beam ;
like fields of clover glistening with the rain,
When smiles the sun upon the moisten'd plain.
Fainting beneath the intolerable heat,
I rage to shun, I seek some cool retreat.
In vain no tree, no verdurous beauties smile,
No limpid fountain glads the thirsty soil,
No human footstep marks the faithless waste,
No ever flitting with the driving blast.
One waste of sand far spreads, an ocean wide,
Scarce with a few low tufts of withering furze
supplied.

Wild as the clime here oft, in murderous
bands,
The Arabs, roaming o'er the burning sands,
Push on the caravan, whose pious train
Direct their toilsome course to Mecca's fane.

In vain the feeble band attempt the fight—
Vain as resistance are their hopes of flight :
Now Murder waves on high the reeking blade,
And deep in gore those fiends of slaughter wade ;
Their savage hearts no ray of pity feel,
Their hearts relentless as their murderous steel ;
Nor sex, nor age their brutal fury spares :
In vain the matron's cries, the virgin's prayers,
In vain sweet childhood spreads its little hands,
Pity in vain enfeebled age demands—
The sportive infant yields his scarce-drawn breath,
And bends the snow-white sire his head in death ;
The beauteous maid whom keener woes await,
In trembling horror views their envied fate ;
One wide destruction wraps the hapless train,
And floods of crimson deluge o'er the plain.
Thus, when a hurricane, the scourge of heaven,
In darkening fury o'er these deserts driven,
Tears up whole plains in eddies whirl'd on high,
And blots with smothering clouds the lurid sky ;
Here, haply journeying, sinks the pilgrim host,
In one wide sweep of dire destruction lost ;

And, deep inhumed beneath o'erwhelming plains,
One fate involves them, and one grave contains.

The sun, declining, darts a slanting smile :
My shadow lengthens o'er the burning soil.
Lo ! swelling on the eye, blue mountains rise,
Their dim-seen summits mingling with the skies.
Thither my course I bend ; in distant shew,
What wrecks of grandeur fill the imperfect view !
Now, from yon purple cloud, the setting ray
Smiles, the last farewell of departing day.
What golden gleams his sinking orb invest—
What reddening glories tinge the blushing West—
What painted clouds, swift-varying to the eye—
In fleecy volumes sail the evening sky !
Here, golden-edged, with flaming crimson glare,
And there the amber's milder tinctures wear ;
In mimic rocks project the dark-blue brow,
Or swell convolved in whitening hills of snow.

Now, thickening fast, gray twilight's shadows
roll,
And night's black curtains wrap the darken'd

While, slowly rising up the eastern sky,
Lifts the full moon her friendly lamp on high ;
Shines the blue vault, with golden stars enchased,
A pleasing contrast to the dreary waste.
In mournful beauty, by the ray serene,
Bursts on my raptured view the gorgeous scene ;
In stately rows here marble columns spread,
In single state there lonely rear the head,
Like groups of blasted oaks amid the wild,
Stripp'd of their verdure, of their limbs despoil'd ;
Here from the base by time's rude tempests rent,
Like fallen pines, lie stretch'd in vast extent ;
In mouldering fragments here o'erspread the sand,
Some broken there in shatter'd ruin stand :
In sullied pomp, half-sunk within the ground,
Lies the rich capital with foliage crown'd :
The spreading Eagle, ⁽⁴⁹⁾ low in dust is laid,
Beneath yon rough palmetto's fan-like shade.
Thy ruins these, Palmyra ! here once smiled
Thy splendid structures o'er the desert wild :
Here the faint traveler, with raptured eyes,
Mid barren sands beheld thy beauties rise.

Thus, when old Chaos heard creation's call,
And first, fair-gleaming, rose this beauteous ball,
Admiring angels view'd, with fond delight,
Revolving systems mid chaotic night ;
Their golden lyres the tuneful seraphs strung,
The great Creator's praise enraptured sung ;
The notes of transport wide o'er space were hurl'd,
And sweet Hosannas hail'd the new-born world.

Thy scenes oft heard the Sage divine rehearse
The laws of eloquence, and rules of verse—
Sublime Longinus ! on whose tuneful tongue
The bending crowd in rapt attention hung.
Here reign'd Zenobia, o'er whose daring soul
No female weakness held its soft control ;
With courage graced, with talents bright adorn'd,
The gay allurements of her sex she scorn'd ;
O'er earth her pride aspired to stretch her sway,
And make imperial Rome her rule obey :
Beneath her reign, with wide-spread lustre, shone
Thy fame, Palmyra ! till, by Rome o'erthrown,
Sunk in obscurity thy meteor rays,
Lost in the splendor of that solar blaze.

Yon marble pile, that, gleaming o'er the sands,
In proud pre-eminence of ruin stands,
Where the pale moon, between the column'd rows,
A line of lengthen'd light far-streaming throws ;
The Sun's rich fane, with fair perfection graced
Of art Corinthian, charm'd the eye of taste.
Now, midst its gorgeous walks, his straw-built sheds
And clay-patch'd huts the swarthy Arab spreads ;
And, in these once gay scenes of wealth and pride,
The savage tenants of the waste reside.

From burning sands, where vegetation dies,
Where no cool stream the crystal wave supplies,
To fairer scenes I turn, with keen delight,
Where far-famed Egypt's fertile plains invite—
Where meads unsown their crops spontaneous yield,
Spontaneous harvests gild the uncultured field
O'er these rich realms, in wealth-diffusing pride,
The Nile majestic pours his swelling tide.
Thou king of rivers ! from thy source unknown,
In streams of plenty roll thy treasures down ;
Thy floods wide-spreading various climates lave,
And future harvests smile beneath thy wave.

Here Alexandria's mingled scene displays
The wrecks of old and piles of modern days ;
In Gothic state where Turkish mosques arise,
And low the Grecian fane in ruin lies.
High o'er the rest, proud spiring to the sky,
Thy pillar, Pompey, claims the admiring eye ;
Ill fated Chief ! whose various fortunes show
The height of grandeur and extreme of wo.
By the false Goddess' fickle favor raised,
Thy sun awhile with peerless lustre blazed ;
O'er wond'ring worlds thy fame extended wide,
Thy rivals' envy and thy nation's pride—
Till, from the summit of thy splendor thrown,
Thy country's fate involving in thine own,
From servile hands thou found'st a shameful doom,
While barbarous shores scarce gave a furtive tomb.

Breathing blue plagues beneath her tainted sky,
Here swarming Cairo lifts her domes on high.
Lo, what vast wonders, swelling on the view,
In ken remote, like sloping mountains shew !
The enormous Pyramids there heave sublime
In all the hoary majesty of time ;

O'er acres spread the solid masses tower,
Dark round their sides the low-hung vapors lour ;
High in the heavens they rise, in boastful state,
And earth encumber'd shrinks beneath their weight ;
Within their cells, her former loved resort,
Pale Superstition ⁽⁵⁰⁾ holds her gloomy court ;
Her form distorted massy chains confine,
And round her limbs in tortuous bands entwine ;
The gloom of awe, with mystery's strange grimace,
Sits on the sullen features of her face ;
Her threat'ning eyes with deadly malice glare,
And on her darken'd brow frowns wild despair.
O'er her black robe each hideous shape is spread,
By fear e'er raised, or sickening fancy bred ;
Around her breast enzoned in barbarous pride,
A cestus glows, with human crimson dyed ;
Terror's black trump her better hand supplies—
Whene'er she bids its hideous clangors rise ;
Uncommon horrors startle every breast,
Each form affrights in fearful colors drest ;
All nature trembles at the infernal sound ; [ground ;
By earthquakes rent, deep groans the shuddering

Black clouds o'er heaven a sudden darkness pour,
In peals incessant doubling thunders roar ;
Blue through the shades pale gleaming lightnings fly,
And meteors redden o'er the lurid sky ;
With thrilling shrieks his dirge the Death-owl sings,
And birds ill-omen'd flap their dusky wings ;
Wild, fire-eyed monsters ride the troubled air,
And damned demons howl in deep despair ;
While spectres, rising from the yawning tomb,
Half show their airy forms and flit along the gloom.

NOTES TO THE THIRD BOOK.

¹ "Where Justice sits," &c. Kien Long, the present Emperor of China, who has considerably extended the limits of the empire by the conquest of several countries, amongst which is the rich and fertile kingdom of Bochara, is not less celebrated for his clemency and paternal affection for his subjects, than for the success of his arms ; among the numerous instances of which, the following is not the least conspicuous. An earthquake having, in the year 1783, destroyed a great part of the island of Formosa, he ordered a general account of the loss of each individual to be taken, and the full amount to be paid from the royal treasury. This beneficent monarch, who is of a very advanced age, is also a poet of no inconsiderable merit.

² "Innumerable peacocks." The banks of the Mecon abound with wild peacocks, which make a most beautiful appearance on the trees that overhang that river.

³ "The beautiful Boiga." A most beautiful species of serpent in India, remarkable for the richness, variety, and brilliancy of its colors ; is about three feet in length, but extremely slender in proportion, being only a few lines in diameter. When this serpent moves itself in the sun, it exhibits the various colors, together with the splendor of the most precious stones. The beauty of its appearance and gracefulness of its motion are still heightened in the eyes of the beholder, by its innocence ; it even appears to receive pleasure from the fondlings of the young Indians. (Capeda.)

⁴ "The twinkling Fire-Fly." The Fire-flies on the rivers of Siam, are remarkable for their numbers, size, and brilliancy. These insects are common in America, and at times exhibit a phenomenon of a most beautiful and singular kind. I have seen them, in a warm evening in July or August, so numerous as to cover an extent of meadow of several acres, and throughout the whole, as if actuated by one soul, expand and close their wings at the same instant, at momentary intervals; now withdrawing their light, and now flashing on the view a wide-extended plain of animated fire.

⁵ "Proud Odian's walls." The capital of Siam.

⁶ "The circuit now begins." The King of Siam shows himself to his subjects but once or twice a year. He regularly makes an annual procession through the city, attended by his nayres and ministers of state, in which all the splendor of Eastern magnificence is displayed.

⁷ "Proud Arracan," &c. The kingdoms of Arracan and Pegu, formerly powerful and independent sovereignties, are now subject to the Emperor of Ava, and form a part of the Birman dominion. Between the years 1740 and 1750, a great revolution took place in the kingdom of Pegu, which rendered it subject to Ava, of which it is no more at present than a province. In 1783, the Peguans attempted to regain their independence, and acquired possession of Rangoon, the capital; but they were able to hold it only a few days, when they were reduced to subjection.

⁸ "The sculptured hall." The palace of Pegu is described by travelers as a very magnificent structure, containing a great number of gigantic figures, in gold and silver, ornamented with jewels. This was, no doubt, previous to the revolution which subjected it to Ava.

⁹ "Magnificent ascend the idol fanes." The temples or pagodas of the Peguans are very splendid; they differ, however, in shape from



those of the other parts of India. They are of a polygonic form, having a great many sides of about thirty feet in height, surmounted by a round spire, curving inwards like an inverted lily, and terminating in a point. At the top of the spire is fixed a ring or circle, to which are suspended a great number of small bells that are constantly agitated by the wind. Their priests are called Talapoys, and are distinguished by a loose dress of yellow cloth. They have their heads shaved and bare, are bound to celibacy, and in many respects resemble the priesthood of the Romish Church. There is also an order of priestesses, or nuns, who are bound by the same regulations, and wear the same habit. (*Hunter's Account of Pegu.*) The objects of worship of the Peguans are various; but with them, as in Siam, and in most of the countries of Eastern India, the principal object of adoration is Tommonacodom, whose worship is supposed, at some remote period, to have pervaded almost all the countries of the East, and is probably the same as Sūmat, whose temple was taken and pillaged by the celebrated Mahmud.

¹⁰ "Hence Indapoora pours a sanguine train." The waters of the Indapoora, a principal river in Sumatra, especially when swelled by rains, are of a dark-red color, which is supposed to be owing to the bark of a tree, of which there are great numbers on its banks.

¹¹ "Where the lone Upas." The Bohon Upas, or Poison-Tree of Java, is about twenty-seven leagues from Batavia. It is surrounded on every side by high hills; the country for twelve miles around it is entirely barren. Its poison is of the most deadly and subtle kind, sudden in its operations, and infects the air to such a degree that neither man nor any other animal can exist within the distance of twelve or fifteen miles from it.

¹² "Vast Borneo." The island of Borneo, the largest known in the world, excepting New Holland, produces vast quantities of Camphire. Here, too, is found the Ourang-Outang, or Wild Man of the woods; this animal has a greater resemblance to man than any of the

brute creation. He is of gigantic stature, being from seven to eight feet in height, and possessed of great strength ; he has but little hair ; his skin is black ; his face wrinkled like that of an old man ; his eyes are small—sunk deep in the head, and very near each other ; his nose is flat, and his features, generally, have the appearance of those of a negro. He is said to be very ferocious and dangerous when attacked.

13 “ The Opium spreads,” &c. There is said to be a certain tree or shrub in the island of Celebes, from which the natives collect great quantities of Opium, by making incisions in the bark.

14 “ The flitting Serpent.” The Tree-snake, or Dart, a species of very venomous serpent, in Africa. It attaches itself to the branch of a tree, which it resembles in color, from whence it hurls itself with inconceivable velocity at the object of its aim.

15 “ From the fell Basilisk’s envenom’d eyes.” The Basilisk was supposed by the ancients to have the power of killing, by a glance of his eye, whatever animal he looked at.

16 “ A race of heroes.” The natives of Celebes—the Macassars—are no less celebrated for their fortitude in supporting pain, than for their intrepidity in encountering danger, and in a very extraordinary degree unite the virtues of active and passive courage. They are endued with a very high sense of honor, and a keen sensibility to injury, resulting, probably, in a great degree, from their form of government, which nearly resembles the feudal system. Among the many instances of their unconquerable spirit which are furnished by the histories of the East, the following is selected, taken from the Memoirs of M. Forbin, a French officer of distinction, and related by Capt. Forrest in his Account of the Morgui Archipelago : That gentleman, who held an important command at Bancoc, in the service of the King of Siam, in the year 1686, ordered his Major, who was a Portuguese native of India, to disarm six Macassars. The officer, terrified at being ordered

on such a service, remonstrated with M. Forbin, and endeavored to dissuade him from executing his design. "What you propose, sir," said he, "is not practicable; I, who am a native of India, am well acquainted with this people. Believe me, when I assure you, that they cannot be taken alive; you must kill them before you can succeed. And I farther inform you, that if any attempt is made to seize their captain, who is in the tent, he and his few companions will put every man of us to death." M. Forbin, however, still persisted in his design, imagining that it might be effected with ease. Somewhat impressed, however, with the apprehensions manifested by the Portuguese, he took the precaution of placing twenty Siamese soldiers, armed with lances and muskets, at the entrance of the fort, and having approached within a short distance of the tent of the Macassars, he directed a Mandarin, who served him as an interpreter, to tell the captain from him, that he was sorry in being obliged to execute the orders he had received, to arrest him, but that he might feel assured that he should be treated with the greatest respect. The Mandarin did as he was ordered; but on his mentioning the word arrest, the six Macassars, to use M. Forbin's expressions, threw their turbans on the ground, seized their creeses, and rushed forward like so many demons, and instantly slew the interpreter and six Mandarins who were with him in the tent. M. Forbin with difficulty effected a precipitate retreat himself, by springing over the lances of the soldiers whom he had stationed at the entrance of the fort. The Macassars then set fire to their galley, to prevent it from falling into the hands of their enemies, and afterwards to a convent of Tellapoys, and killed the monks. In this desperate encounter three hundred and sixty-six Siamese, and a number of Frenchmen were killed, and but seventeen Macassars.

¹⁷ "Here Birds of Paradise, in sportive rings." The Molucca, or Arrou Islands, are the favorite and almost the sole residence of the Birds of Paradise. "They are," says Mr. Pennant, in his account of the Spicy Islands, "natives of New Guinea, as well as those islands; are supposed to breed in the first and to reside there during the wet monsoon, but to retire to the Arrou Isles, about a hundred and forty

miles to the east, during the dry or western monsoon. In the east monsoon they moult their long feathers, but recover them in the west. They always migrate in flocks of thirty or forty, and have a leader, which the inhabitants of Arrou call the king, who is said to fly above the flock, which never desert him, but settle where he does. They constantly avoid flying with the wind, which ruffles and blows their loose plumage over their heads, and often forces them down to the ground, from whence they are unable to rise without some advantage; hard showers of rain are equally destructive to them. When they are surprised with a strong gale, they instantly soar to a higher region, beyond the reach of the tempest; there they float at ease in the serene sky, on their light flowing feathers, or pursue their way in security. During their flight they cry like starlings, but in the distress occasioned by a storm blowing in their rear, they express it by a note resembling the croaking of ravens." "When they alight, it is always on the highest trees, the king taking the lead."

"No birds have ever had so much fable mixed with their history. It was believed that they always remained floating on the spicy Indian air, and, of course, not to be in want of legs or feet, of which they were supposed to be destitute; that, when they wanted to sleep, they hung themselves by their two long tail-feathers to the boughs of a tree; that during their flight, even ovation and nutrition of their young were discharged in that element, the male receiving the egg in an orifice nature had formed for that purpose; that they subsisted on the dew, and had no evacuation like other birds. From their being so much in the higher regions, the Portuguese styled them *Passaros da Sol*, or Sparrows of the Sun; the islanders, *Manu-co-dewata*, or the Birds of God; and most of the Europeans name them the *Birds of Paradise*. So happily did this opinion work on the petty kings of the isles, that, seeing them fall, as it frequently happened, dead from the heavenly regions, they became converts to the truth of the immortality of the soul." (Gen. Outlines.)

"The Burrampooter." This majestic river, which is superior in size to the Ganges, takes its rise in the mountains of Tibet, from whence the

Ganges also flows, but proceeding in an opposite direction, pursues its course to the south-east, through the kingdom of Tibet and near the confines of China, till suddenly turning to the south-west, it enters Bengal, and joins the Ganges about forty miles from the ocean. For more than sixty miles from its confluence with the Ganges, it is invariably from four to five miles broad." (Maurice's Indian Antiquities.)

18 "Thy temple, Sum-nat." The temple of Sum-nat, situated on the coast of Guzurat, or Cambaya, was famous throughout the East for its immense riches and the worship paid to its idol, from the remotest antiquity, by the various nations of the Hindû religion. It was taken, after an obstinate and bloody siege, by the famous Mahmoud of Ghezny, who found in it an astonishing quantity of gold, silver, and precious stones, far exceeding the boasted treasury of the richest princes of antiquity. In this temple, to whose support two thousand villages with their territory had been appropriated by the several princes of Indostan, there were two thousand Priests, or Bramins, three hundred musicians, five hundred dancing girls, and three hundred barbers, who were employed to shave the devotees before their introduction to the god. (Idem.)

19 "Salsette and Elephanta." The islands of Salsette and Elephanta, situated near Bombay, are famous for their remarkable caverns, or subterraneous temples, excavated in the solid rock, whose walls are ornamented with a vast number of gigantic figures of the deities and ancient heroes of India. These figures form a part of the rock to which they are attached, and are executed in a masterly style; many of them are represented under the most monstrous forms, and with most hideous countenances; others have a placid and serene look; and some appear pensive and melancholy. The period of the execution of these stupendous monuments of labor and art is entirely unknown, but they are without doubt of the remotest antiquity, as neither history or tradition seems to have preserved the least account of them,

and as, both in point of design and execution, they are totally different from anything now remaining in India.

The chief pagoda of Salsette is eighty-four feet in length, forty-six in breadth, and forty in height to the middle of the roof, which is finely arched and supported by thirty-five beautiful pillars of an octagonal form, and of about five feet in diameter, their capitals and bases being richly ornamented with the figures of elephants, tigers, &c., wrought with great skill and proportion. That of Elephanta is about one hundred and twenty feet square, and eighteen in height; the roof is flat, and supported by four rows of columns of a very singular order; they are finely fluted, as are their capitals; their pedestals are square, and the shaft, which is round, gradually becomes larger towards the center, from either end. On the shore of the latter island are the statues of an elephant and a horse, as large as nature, cut on the rock with such skill, that at a small distance they have all the appearance of life. (Idem.)

²⁰ "The dire Destroyer." Seeva, or Shivah, the destroying principle; the third person of the Indian Godhead, which, according to their system, consists of Brama, the Supreme—the Creator; Veeshnoo, the Preserver; and Shivah, the Destroyer, or Punisher. In the cavern of Elephanta is a monstrous bust of this triple Divinity, with three faces, of which that in the midst measures five feet. (Idem.)

²¹ "Here Crishna." Creeshna, or Krishen, the Apollo of the Indian Mythology, is represented as very beautiful, and as attended by the Nine Gopia, or Muses, and by the Raignies, or Goddesses of Harmony.

²² "And Vishnoo, glorious from the Tyrant slain." In one of his various incarnations, the god Veeshnoo is represented under the form of a lion-man, as bursting from a pillar, and seizing and tearing in pieces the giant Cansu, an inflexible and bloody tyrant, who, in order

to destroy him when a child, had ordered all the children in his dominions to be massacred.

²³ “Kinnouge, thy mighty name !” The city of Kinnouge, or Canouga, was celebrated in ancient times for its amazing extent, the number and wealth of its inhabitants, and the splendid magnificence of its buildings. An extent of one hundred miles was occupied by its walls ; within the city were thirty-thousand licensed shops, in which Betel and Areca were sold ; it also contained three thousand jewelers, and sixty thousand bands of musicians, who paid a tax to the government.

²⁴ “Illustrious Gour.” The city of Gour, formerly the capital of Bengal, was one of the largest and most splendid cities of India. Its site, says Major Rennell, is at present occupied by a few straggling villages and thick forests, the resort of the Royal Tiger.

²⁵ The Tiger’s hideous growl.” The Royal Tiger, the strongest and most terrible of that class of animals, is a native of India, but is principally found in the warm climate of Bengal. The following description of this animal is from M. D’Obsonville’s Philosophical Essays : “The Royal Tiger, distinguished by a skin marked with blackish stripes upon a fawn-colored ground, sometimes grows to the height of four feet ten inches, and is about nine feet in length—measured from the high part of the head to the insertion of the tail. I have seen a skin that measured from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, more than ten cubits. His roar begins by intonations and inflections—at first, deep, melancholy and slow ; it presently becomes more acute, when, suddenly collecting himself, he utters a violent cry, interrupted by long, tremulous sounds, which altogether make a distracting impression upon the mind. It is principally in the night that he is heard to roar, when silence and darkness add to the horror, and his cries are repeated by the echoes of the mountains. At the gloomy and haggard aspect of this monster, who always appears to tremble with a ferocious joy at the

sight of the blood which he is about to drink, most other animals think only of flight, of which they are often incapable. If the Bear has not time to climb a tree, he is dead ; the Dog, dismayed, has scarce a moment to utter a cry of despair, before he is seized and torn in pieces ; in an instant, a large Bull is overthrown and dragged away with ease ; the wild male Buffalo will dart at his enemy, but if he be alone, he is almost always overcome."

Within a short time since a striking and affecting instance of the ferocity of this animal was related, in the account published of the melancholy fate of Mr. Munroe, while on a hunting excursion with some of his friends, near the mouth of the Ganges. The following, communicated to a friend of the author by a gentleman, who, for several years had resided in India, and who received the account from an eyewitness of the horrid scene, exhibits a still stronger proof of their undaunted ferocity and determined pursuit of their prey, even in opposition to the generally received opinion, that fire affords a certain security from the attacks of all wild beasts : " A vessel with a number of passengers on board, was shipwrecked on one of the islands in the mouth of the Ganges. Having got on shore, as it was near night, their first care was to look out for some place where they might find shelter, and be secure from the attacks of the wild beasts, with which those islands abound. On searching around, they discovered on a rising ground, the ruins of an old pagoda, and collecting a quantity of wood, with which the island was covered, disposed it so as completely to surround the building. This, at night, they set on fire, and retiring under the walls of the pagoda, considered themselves as perfectly secure. Ere long the accustomed yell was up, and the woods resounded with the hideous roar of the tiger, intermingled with the cries of other wild beasts, who were roaming for their prey, and soon was discovered, by the light of the fire, the approach of a royal tiger of immense size. This animal traversed the circle with the most ferocious gestures, and having attentively eyed them for some time, at length sprang through the fire at a Gentoo merchant, who was standing, reclined, against a part of the ruins ; but, deceived by the glimmering of the flames, so far overleaped his mark,

as to strike his head with violence against a projection of the wall. Stunned by the blow, he fell to the ground, drawing with him the unfortunate merchant, whose robe he had caught in his paw, and still retaining his hold, in rolling over and over, passed through the surrounding fire, and soon recovering from the effect of the blow, tore his wretched victim in pieces in sight of his terrified companions. What rendered still more interesting and impressive the fate of the Gentoo, was the singular circumstance of his having had, as he informed them, a twelve-month before in the course of a journey that he had made, his only son, a youth of about fourteen, torn from his side by a monstrous tiger."

²⁶ "In crimson beauty Agra's palace glows." This magnificent palace, which is of great extent, was built by Sultan Akber; the walls are of a species of the jasper, of a fine crimson color, highly polished, and make a most beautiful and splendid appearance in the sun.

²⁷ "Sits the Mogul." The author is aware that this description cannot, with propriety, be applied to the present Emperor of Indostan. It is rather intended to represent the ostentatious magnificence of some of his immediate predecessors, than as descriptive of the state of an unfortunate monarch, who, after having been long retained on the throne, the mere phantom of power, by a few ambitious and designing chiefs, since the above lines were written, has, in the savage treatment he has met with, and the inhuman deprivation of his sight, furnished an additional lesson to princes of the emptiness of titles and the wretchedness of human grandeur.

²⁸ "To the fierce Afghan and the barbarous Jate." Two nations in India, remarkable for their savage ferocity and spirit of independence, whom the monarchs of Indostan have never been able entirely to subdue. They have frequently proved very formidable to the inhabitants of that empire by their predatory incursions, particularly since the

decline of the house of Timur, and have lately conquered some of the richest provinces, and menaced the imperial throne itself.

²⁹ "Sevagi singly," &c. Sevagi, or Sewajee, Rajah, or Prince of the Mahrattas, whom Aurungzebe in vain endeavored to reduce to his subjection.

³⁰ "In epic state, thy great Ferdousi." Ferdusi, or Ferdousi, the great epic poet of Persia, lived at the end of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century. He was born in the town of Lar, in the province of Tus, and kingdom of Khorasan. At that period, the court of Mahmoud, Sultan of Ghezny, was the general resort of men of learning and talents from all parts of the East. Mahmoud having been shown some of the productions of the young poet, sent for him to Ghezny. A history of Persia, in the Pehlevi dialect, from the earliest period of its monarchy, had been compiled from the ancient manuscripts and records of that country by order of the great Anushirwan. This book, at the victory of Cadesia, which sealed the fate of Persia and transferred the sceptre of Cyrus to the successors of Mahomet, fell into the hands of Said, the general of Omar, who, pleased with the romantic tales which it contained, preserved it from that fate, which involved in one general ruin the productions of genius, the monuments of art, and the invaluable records of ancient science. Champion, in his life of Ferdousi, adds, "that Said having presented it to Omar, that Caliph ordered it, as a book treating of such worldly affairs as are forbidden by the Prophet, to be thrown among the general plunder; that it fell to the lot of an Abyssinian soldier, who carried it as a present to his prince, and that by his direction it was translated into the Abyssinian language." This history, parts of which had already been translated by some of the principal poets at the court of Mahmoud, was put into the hands of Ferdousi. Animated with the enthusiasm of a poet and with zeal for the honor of his country, he resolved to make this history the subject of an epic poem, and the foundation of his future eminence. He, accordingly, began the work; and so pleased was the Sultan with

some passages of it that were shown to him, that he ordered a generous present to the author, and encouraged him to proceed in the completion of his work, by the most flattering marks of attention, and the promise of a piece of gold for every couplet that it should contain. After thirty years of unwearied application, devoted to this arduous undertaking, he completed the poem and sent it to the Sultan ; a poem, containing sixty thousand couplets in rhyme, and " combining," says Sir William Jones, " all the energy of Dryden, with the sweetness of Pope." But the fruits of the royal bounty were intercepted by the Vizier of Mahmoud, a man equally vain and mean-spirited, who hated Ferdousi for his independent spirit and that noble pride which prevented his paying court to him, and led him to disdain his patronage on the terms of flattering his vanity by the incense of poetical adulation. Instead, therefore, of the expected reward, he only received as many small pieces of silver as the poem contained couplets. Irritated in the highest degree by this affront, and the mortifying disappointment of his expectations, he distributed the money among his servants, and in the bitterness of his soul, composed a satire against Mahmoud, filled with pathetic complaints and the most cutting reflections. This he gave to an officer of the court, requesting him to present it to the Sultan, whenever he should appear chagrined, as it was a poetical compliment calculated to soothe him at such a time. On this he immediately fled, and took refuge, for some time, in the court of Bagdad, from the indignation of the provoked monarch. He afterwards successively resided at the courts of several princes, who contended with each other for that honor, and from whom he received the highest favors. Ferdousi died at an advanced age, after having experienced various vicissitudes of fortune, and the disappointment of finding the reward of his talents and the labor of a life sacrificed to the treacherous schemes of malignity and the resentment of a deluded prince.

³¹ " Whether, serene in Feridoon." Feridún, an ancient king of Persia, who freed that empire from the usurpation and tyranny of the line of Zohak ; he is highly celebrated by the Persian poets and his-

torians for his heroism, benevolence, paternal love, power, and extent of his dominions. The following excellent maxim is attributed to him on resigning his sceptre to his grandson, Municheher : “ The life of a king is a paper journal ; happy is he, who, during his reign, inscribes only good actions therein.” Ferdousi thus finely describes him, in Champion’s translation :—

“ White were his hairs, still ruddy was his face,
The moon’s mild rays around the monarch shone ;”
“ War sparkled in his eye, though soft his language as the evening sky.”

³² “ Zal’s youthful form.” Zalzer, or Zal, a famous Persian hero, the father of the celebrated Rustem, by the beautiful Raduva, princess of Cabul. In his infancy he was exposed by his father, Taum, generalissimo of the armies of Municheher, but was taken pity of, carried to a cavern, and there nursed and educated by the great Griffen, or Simergh ; he was afterwards sought for, and received with great transport by his father, and appointed to the command of an army for the conquest of Zabulistan, where he fell in love with and married the fair Raduva.

Sadi, in his Gulistan, ascribes to Zalzer the following excellent advice to his son Rustem : “ Never despise your enemy, however weak he may be ; for we frequently see a stream, small and insignificant at its source, become swollen in its progress, so as to carry away with it a loaded camel.”

³³ “ Raduva shines in beauty’s peerless blaze.” The following lines, descriptive of that princess, from the Seventh Book of Champion’s translation of the Shah Nameh, appear to be much more felicitous than his version in general :—

“ The sweets of paradise around her blow ;
Her charms are radiant with celestial glow ;

Her jetty locks in graceful ringlets play,
 Charm every sense, and steal the soul away ;
 Those jetty locks her blooming beauties shade,
 And pierce the heart, to instant love betray'd.

“ Even and white her well-form'd teeth appear,
 Not the white-rose more delicately clear ;
 Nor the narcissus, which the florists prize,
 Equals the beaming lustre of her eyes.
 Her oval breast, no fancy e'er could paint,
 Weak were all language, all expression faint.”

³⁴ “ Her death-doom'd lord, Afraziab's daughter mourns.” The following passage of Ferdousi, from the French of M. Langles, is descriptive of the despair of Franhis, or Manizha, the beautiful daughter of Afraziab, on discovering her father's design of putting to death her husband, the young Siavesche :—

“ Filled with inexpressible grief, the young princess tore from her hair the hyacinths, and in despair beat her tender bosom. She spread the musk of her tresses over the ivory of her beautiful forehead. The streams which flowed from her eyes inundated the roses of her cheeks, as this unfortunate fair thought of the cruel designs of Afraziab.”

³⁵ “ Or Rustem, dreadful in the battle burns.” Rustem, the Persian Hercules, the principal hero of Ferdousi's poem, and with whose marvelous exploits Eastern romance is filled.

³⁶ “ Pathetic Jami's melting numbers move.” Nouredin Jami, the tenderest, most elegant, and harmonious of the Persian poets. He is the author of several poems of great merit ; but the work to which he principally owes his fame, is his poem on the Loves of Joseph and Zulecia. This is said to abound with the finest poetical descriptions, the most beautiful and lively images, and the sweetest and most

harmonious versification. The following extract, translated by Sir William Jones, will convey some idea of the style of this elegant writer :

“ In the morning, when the raven of night had flown away, the bird of dawn began to sing, the nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose ; the jasmine stood bathed in dew, and the violet also sprinkled his fragrant locks.”

“ Molla-Abd-errahman-ben-Ahmed-Jami flourished in the ninth century of the Mahometan era. He died about the year 1486 of the Christians. Among many other excellent productions, he is chiefly admired as the author of the beautiful poem of Joseph and Zulecia, the Baharistan or Residence of Spring, and his Divaun, or Collection of Odes and Sonnets. The Divaun of Jami, which, according to M. D’Herbelot, contains all the mystic theology of the Mahometans, is replete with passages of the most tender and amorous description, and, with an inconsistency, by no means unfrequent among the Persian writers. Religious poems, of a sublime and mysterious nature, are comprised in the same work with Erratic and Bacchanalian Odes and Sonnets ; and the same person appears, as we read his different compositions, the enthusiastic and bigoted devotee, or the gay, voluptuous, and impassioned lover.

“ But this poet, whether he pours forth the ejaculations of piety and devotion, or breathes the sentiments of passion, or the fondest love, uniformly maintains the greatest correctness and chastity of language.” (Ouseley’s Persian Miscellanies, Chap. 2.)

³⁷ “ So bright Zulecia mid her grief appears.” The celebrated wife of Potiphar.

Zulecia, or Zoolekha. According to Jami, this celebrated fair one was the only daughter of the King of Mauritania, a powerful monarch in Africa. At the age of thirteen years, a young man of wonderful beauty appeared to her in a dream, whose face, to use the words of the poet, “ was as dazzling as the sun ; he was tall, and strait as the cypress ; his eye-brows were two bows, and his eyes quivers, filled with the all-conquering arrows of love ; his smiling mouth was

like a bed of roses ; his teeth rows of pearls, and his lips two strings of rubies." For a number of nights in succession was she haunted by the same image. So strong was the impression it made on her, that she became violently in love with the beautiful phantom. A deep melancholy took possession of her mind ; her health was impaired, and at length, she fell dangerously sick. One of her attendants, who had been her nurse, and was tenderly attached to her, suspecting that her disorder proceeded from love, had the address to obtain from her the secret of her extraordinary passion. She immediately promised to leave no means untried to procure her the possession of the beloved object ; and, as she was deeply skilled in magic, by the force of her spells she caused the beauteous phantom to re-appear, at the same time directing Zeleikha to question it, as to its state, the place of its residence, &c. It replied to her questions, that it was no angel, which, on its re-appearance, she had at first mistaken it for, but the actual representation of a youth, whose station in life was far inferior to hers ; that he was a native of Canaan, in Asia ; but that he was called by the decrees of fate to Egypt, where a brilliant fortune awaited him, which he was destined to share with her, after experiencing many perils and sufferings.

At the same time, a similar vision had appeared to Joseph, the young son of Jacob. He dreamed that he saw a most beautiful woman, who informed him that she was called Zulecia, and that she was destined, one day, to be united to him ; but that this happiness must be purchased by severe trials and a long course of suffering and affliction. The fame of Zuleikha's beauty, together with the great power and wealth of her father, induced many of the princes of Africa and of Asia, to send ambassadors to the Court of Mauritania to solicit her in marriage. The king, who loved his daughter with great tenderness, made known to her the arrival and the object of the envoys. Full of the idea of the lovely phantom and of her promised happiness in Egypt, she inquired of her father if either of these ambassadors were from that court. The king replying in the negative, she begged of him to dismiss these suitors, informing him, that she could never consent to quit her country for any other than that of Egypt, of which she had heard such wonders

related. The fond and indulgent parent, desirous of gratifying the wishes of his daughter, immediately dismissed the ambassadors with a refusal, and dispatched a trusty messenger to Egypt, with directions to obtain information respecting the king of that country, and if he was unmarried, to concert measures so that he should be induced to demand the hand of Zulecia. The agent soon acquainted the king, that the King of Egypt was not only married, but that he was so immersed in the pleasures of his seraglio, that he had intrusted the cares of government wholly to his Vizier, who was the effective sovereign. That this man, whose name was Azir Katfer, had risen to this high rank from the lowest station, having been brought as a slave into Egypt from some part of Asia, and also that he was unmarried. The king communicated this intelligence to his daughter, who, imagining that she had discovered in this man the object of her love, by her earnest and repeated solicitations, at the same time assuring him that the oracle had predicted that she should find happiness only in Egypt, she finally overcame her father's objections, and he directed his messenger to offer his daughter in marriage to the Vizier. Katfer was greatly surprised and delighted at this proposal from so powerful a monarch, and immediately returned an answer expressive of the gratitude and honor he felt in the proffered alliance. Pharaoh with little difficulty was persuaded to consent to this union, which the crafty minister took care to represent to him as one that would add lustre to the crown. Accordingly, the most magnificent preparations were made for the reception of the princess and the approaching nuptials. On pretence of public business, the Vizier did not go to meet the princess till she came near Memphis. On entering that city, the curtains of her litter were for the first time drawn aside so as to allow them to see each other. Great was the surprise and disappointment of Zuleikha, on perceiving at first sight, that Katfer was widely different from the beautiful object of her constant meditations. She made known the bitterness of her disappointment to her confidante, the nurse, who had again recourse to her spells, and discovered that Katfer was not the person destined to render the princess happy. That, from a state of servitude he had been raised to the high station he

held, in consequence of the most degrading artifices and the basest flattery to his sovereign ; that, wholly incapable of exciting jealousy, even in the bosom of the most suspicious monarch, Pharaoh had first promoted him to the government of his seraglio, where he submitted to the meanest of employments, and afterwards to that of his dominions ; that, his want of talents was supplied by cunning and boldness, which retained him in the important station he had obtained through artifice and meanness.

The marriage was, at length, celebrated with great pomp ; and the Vizier, elated with the honor of having espoused the daughter of the King of Mauritania, treated her with the utmost deference and respect ; built for her a most magnificent palace ; provided for her service and amusement a numerous train of female slaves, and omitted no expense to please and gratify her. At this time it happened that the merchant who had bought Joseph of his brethren, (whose story is told by Jani, with circumstances nearly conformable to those related in Holy Writ,) arrived in Memphis. Having erected his tent on the great square of that city, he issued a proclamation by the crier, that he had for sale the most beautiful male slave that had ever been seen in Egypt. This being made known to Zulecia, her active imagination immediately conceived the idea that this must be the one prefigured in her dream ; she, accordingly, sent her nurse in disguise to the tent of the merchant, to ascertain the truth of her conjectures. The nurse, on seeing Joseph, instantly recognized in him the phantom which she had raised by her charms, and communicated the pleasing information to Zuleikha. The latter readily persuaded Katfer to purchase him for her of the merchant.

Joseph, on his part, at their first interview, immediately recognized in his mistress the beautiful subject of his dream, of whom he had from that moment become enamored. But, governed by a rigid sense of honor and duty, he continued manfully to struggle with his passion, and successfully to resist her allurements and the various arts of seduction which she employed, until the madly-enamored Zulecia so far forgot her native modesty, as openly to court him. Disappointed in this last attempt, in the rage of unrequited love, she rejected, on the audacity

of her slave, the suspicions of her fidelity, which some circumstances had excited in the breast of Katfer. At the same time, her love for Joseph induced her to employ all her influence with her husband to mitigate his punishment, and to change it from that of death to perpetual imprisonment. From this state of confinement he was released, in consequence of his interpretation of the dreams of two of Pharaoh's officers, and that of the monarch himself. From the gloom of a dungeon, he was now raised to the most splendid honors of the state. When Katfer heard of the preferment and honors bestowed on the slave whom he had imprisoned, such was his mortification and chagrin, that he sickened and soon after died. There remaining now no obstacle to the union of Joseph with his beloved Zuleikha, when the period of her mourning was completed, their nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicings throughout Egypt.

28 "In sprightly Hafez, mirthful odes combine." Hafez, a celebrated lyric poet, the Anacreon of Persia, and the peculiar favorite of his countrymen, was born at Shiraz, where his tomb is still to be seen, which is held in the highest veneration by the inhabitants.

"Among the Persian poets, few, (says Sir William Ouseley,) are more worthy of being generally known than Hafez! None are more interesting to the scholar and searcher into Eastern manners. The terse morality of Sadi, and the lofty and sublime language of Ferdusi, claim and deserve the highest place in our esteem: but the Divan (or Collection) of Hafez, will always be the more popular work; and his sweet simplicity and polished numbers must charm the most phlegmatic reader. In his works, we may discover the private life of a Persian; become acquainted with his turn of mind, his thoughts, and occupation; and learn many curious customs disregarded by graver authors. His fame throughout the East, (where a crowd of imitators has sprung up in every country,) is a strong evidence of his merits; and his importance in Persia was rarely equalled and never exceeded in the darkest ages of superstition. Statesmen and warriors have not unfrequently stopped at his tomb, and rested their hopes on the decisions of the mys-

terious volume. Even the savage Nader confessed the inspiration of the poet ; and yielding to the prejudices of his soldiers, perhaps his own, he treated the oracular answer as the surest presage of victory. In the correspondence of Asia, where poetry is intermixed with prose, the distichs of Hafez are often applied to the various vicissitudes of life ; and both the scholar and the traveler will receive advantage from the study of this engaging poet." (Oriental Collections.)

There are but few of the Odes of Hafez that contain not some impressive moral reflection. The following stanza, from the Fifth Ode of Mr. Nott's translation, will probably recall to the reader's recollection one of the finest passages in Goldsmith's beautiful ballad of Edwin and Angelina :—

" O let not avarice tempt thy wild desires
To toil for wealth in fortune's glitt'ring mine !
Small is the pittance mortal man requires,
And trifling labor makes that pittance thine."

A sentiment of a similar cast occurs in the Eighth Ode :—

" O ask not alms at fortune's gate !
But from her hated temple fly ;
She gives her goblet's poison'd bait,
She bids thee drink, then bids thee die.

" Two little handfuls of strew'd earth
To build thy last abode suffice ;
Then where the use, or what the worth
Of mansions tow'ring to the skies ?"

⁴⁰ " By Zoroaster taught." Zoroaster, or Zerdusht, an ancient Persian Philosopher ; the founder of the sect of the Magi, or Worshipers of Fire. Much diversity of opinion appears to have prevailed respecting the time in which he lived ; some supposing him cotempo-

rary with Abraham ; while others affirm that he lived in the reign of Cambyses, the son of Cyrus. He is said to have been a king of the Bactrians, and to have given to the Persians their system of religion. He admitted one Supreme Being, the author of all good ; and another, somewhat less powerful, who is the author of evil. His doctrine contains a pure morality ; and a little moral and didactic work is attributed to him, the following passages from which, M. Anquetil has inserted in his Translation of the Zend-Avesta, or Sacred Book of the Magians, containing the laws and tenets of Zoroaster :—" God in his justice has decreed that men should be judged by the good and the evil which they have done ; * * * * that the good should inhabit the regions of light, and the wicked, hell. Let man abstain from all kinds of robbery and rapine ; and, when he is in doubt whether an action be good or bad, let him not commit it." Zoroaster taught the Persians to adore the Divinity under the symbol of Fire. His doctrines have, even at this day, a great number of followers ; they are denominated Guebres, or Gaures, and one of the suburbs of Ispahan is wholly inhabited by them.

⁴¹ " Great Oromazes," &c. " And Arimanius," &c. The good and evil principles of the Magian religion. The first, the author of all good ; the other, of all evil. The former was represented by light, and the latter, by darkness, as their truest symbols. The good power was called Gezasd and Ormuzd ; the evil demon, Aherinian, or Aherman. The Magi, generally, hold the first to be eternal ; and the second, created. According to Theopompus, the Magians believe, that for the period of three thousand years these two gods, alternately, conquer and are conquered ; that they will wage mutual war and destroy the works of each other, till at last Hadez, or the Evil Spirit, shall perish, and men become perfectly happy ; their bodies requiring no food, nor casting any shadow, being perfectly transparent. (Bell's Pantheon.)

⁴² " Far-famed Istakhar." The name by which Persepolis is known to the Orientals.

The ancient Persepolis, or Istakhar, was the capital of Persia, under the kings of the three first dynasties. The author of *Leb-tarikh* says, that Kishtasp established his residence therein, erected several temples to the element of fire, and excavated, for himself and his successors, sepulchres in the rocks of the mountains near the city. The ruins of columns and broken figures, which still remain, defaced as they were by Alexander, and mutilated by time, plainly evince that those ancient princes had made choice of it for the place of their interment. Their monuments must not, however, be confounded with the superb palace built by Queen Homai, in the midst of Persepolis, distinguished by the name of Tchilminar, or the Forty Watch-Towers; or, as some authors assert, by Giamschid.

One of the most magnificent monuments of the reign of Giamschid was the city of Istakhar, which had been begun by Tahmurath. This city, as completed by Giamschid, was of a wonderful extent, for it is said to have been twelve parasangs in circumference, which is equal to eighty French leagues, and to have inclosed within its walls not only a great number of palaces and pleasure-houses, but likewise many spacious parks and cultivated lands. This city, at present called *Gihil*, or *Tchil-minar*, from the forty columns erected in it, as some say, by Queen Homai, and according to others, by Soliman Ben David, was known to the Greeks by the name of Persepolis; and the Orientals have still a tradition, that, at the burning of that city by Alexander, seven stupendous structures built by Giamschid, were consumed, together with his palace. (D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*; Notes to Caliph Vathek, &c.)

Sir William Ouseley, in his *Persian Miscellanies*, has the following interesting remarks on the Ruins of Persepolis:—"But of those palaces the majestic ruins yet to be seen, while they remain a venerable record of the nation's former greatness, afford ample subjects for melancholy reflections on the decay of empires and the revolutions effected by time; for now, to use the words of a Persian poet—

‘ The spider holds the veil in the palace of Cæsar,
The owl stands sentinel on the watch-towers of Afrasiab.’

“ To the mildness of a happy climate alone, are we probably indebted for the preservation of those sculptured figures and mysterious inscriptions, that still decorate the walls of the royal apartments of the magnificent palace of the Sons of Cyrus; one of the noblest productions of human labor and ingenuity.

“ Yet, however considerable may be its majestic remains still to be seen above ground, it is most probable that, within the precincts of the ruined palace, treasures much more precious, in the antiquary’s estimation from long concealment, lie buried in the dust of more than twenty ages.

“ And, that valuable and most curious subterranean fragments still exist at Persepolis, is an opinion which I have adopted, not merely from the probability that similar treasures lie hidden among all visible ruins of considerable antiquity, but from the positive testimony and strong conjectures of several ingenious travelers. Of the figures at the monument of Rustem, (in the vicinity of Persepolis, supposed to represent that celebrated warrior and his favorite mistress,) the lower parts are concealed in heaps of stones and accumulated rubbish, which hide, perhaps, at the same time, some ancient inscriptions or interesting sculptures.”

“ In the beginning of this century, Mons. Le Bruyn published engravings of several hundred figures, cut in relief, which yet remained upon the walls. According to some travelers, Herbert, Mandelsloe, &c., the number of sculptures are so great, that it would require no common degree of industry in an able artist to make drawings of them all in the space of several months. When visited in 1627 by Sir

* “ Near the ruined palace of Persepolis are shown the gigantic figure of a warrior and that of a female, who hold between them, each with one hand, something of an annular form, but proportionably large enough to go round the neck. To these figures, tradition has given the name of Rustum and his favorite mistress, probably the fair Princess of Sitaurgaun, the mother of Johraub.” (Persian Miscellanies.)

Thomas Herbert, not only the images cut in the marble remained in perfect preservation, but even the gilding on the walls and on the drapery of some figures retained its original lustre. I have been assured by the Chevalier Clergeau de la Barré, that, among the ruins of Babylon and Persepolis, curious and valuable antiques are daily discovered. Among the most curious were several volumes of parchment, covered with characters hitherto undeciphered; and an emerald of two inches in length, containing the figure of Alexander, engraved with such exquisite art as to be discernible only when placed in a particular point of view, between the eye and the light."

A paper in the Oriental Collections, signed C. D. V., affirms, that the figures on the walls of the palace of Persepolis, or Tokehelminar, are supposed to represent the actions of Rustem.

⁴³ "Where mighty Jemsheid from his throne," &c. Jemsheid, or Gernschid, the fourth King of Persia, of the first or Peishdadian dynasty. He is highly celebrated for his magnificence and the wisdom of his institutions, and is said to have built the splendid palace of Persepolis, which was called from him the Throne, or residence of Jemsheid. After a long and prosperous reign he was at length dethroned and put to death by the usurper Zohak. (Sir W. Jones, D'Herbelot, &c.)

"Jemsheid." This monarch is said to have received the addition of Sobid to his name, which was Gem, or Giam, from the beauty and majesty of his countenance, which, like the sun, in Persian Schid, dazzled all beholders. After having subdued seven large provinces of Upper Asia, and enjoyed in peace a long reign—according to some writers, of seven hundred years—this prince became intoxicated with his greatness, and foolishly imagining that it would have no end, arrogated to himself divine honors, and caused his statues to be worshiped throughout his dominions. But the Almighty, to punish his pride, excited against him in his own family a terrible enemy. This was no other than his nephew, Schedad, son of Ad, King of Arabia, who sent against him a powerful army under the command of Zohak, the chief general of his forces. Giamschid, unsuspecting of an attack, and unpre-

pared, was easily defeated by Zohak, and compelled to save himself by flight, leaving his dominions to the usurper. Many valuable discoveries and useful inventions are ascribed to him ; and the author of *Giame al Gavarikh* relates that, in digging the foundations of the city of Istakhar, a vase, formed of a single gem, was discovered, which contained two pints. This precious vase received the name of the Vase of the Sun, and is also known by that of the Cup or Concave Mirror of Giamschid. The Persian poets frequently allude in their writings to this vessel, attributing to it the property of exhibiting everything in nature, and even some things that are preternatural. The gem it was formed of, appears to have been the Carbuncle, or Oriental Ruby, which, from its resemblance to a burning coal, and the splendor it was supposed to emit in the dark, was called *Schebgerag*, or the Torch of Night. (D'Herbelot.)

44 "Thy gardens, Shiraz, spread their beauties here." The gardens of Shiraz are remarkable for their beauty and pleasantness, and highly praised by travelers.

45 "Where bright Barradia laves," &c. The vale of Damascus, the banks of the river Obolla, near Bagdad, the delightful plain of Sogd, on which stand the city of Samarcand, with the beautiful valley of Bavan, are among the fairest scenes in nature, and are distinguished by the appellation of the Four Paradises of Asia.

46 "Long rows of Dates." The flowers of this species of the Palm are elegantly disposed in long clusters, and are of a snowy white.

47 "Her curious nest the little Artist weaves." The Tailor-Bird. This curious little bird is a native of the East, more especially of India. It forms its nest in a singular manner, by joining together two or more leaves of some broad-leaved tree, as the Bananoe, or Plantain ; this it effects by first perforating them with its little bill, shaped like an awl ; it then draws them closely together, and firmly secures them by means

of a thread, formed of the fibres of the leaf, so as to render the nest impenetrable to the rain, and at the same time, from its position at the extremity of a limb, secure from the attacks of the serpent, or other enemies. Its color is a pale yellow, or straw color.

⁴⁸ "Tunes to the Rose," &c. This beautiful fiction, the passion of the Nightingale for the rose, is frequent in the poetical compositions of the East.

"The excessive delight which the (Bulbul,) Persian Nightingale, derives from the enjoyment of the rose's fragrance, affords a thousand beautiful allusions and allegories to the Eastern poets. In a line from one of Sadi's sonnets, he pays to his mistress the most delicate compliment that a Persian lover could express, by saying, 'Should the Nightingale once behold thy beauteous face he would no longer seek his beloved rose.'

"To account for this allegorical passion entertained by the Nightingale for the rose—the subject of so much beautiful imagery in Persian poetry—we must consider that the plaintive voice of that sweet bird is first heard at the same season of the year in which the rose begins to blow ; by a natural association of ideas, they are therefore connected as the constant and inseparable attendants of the Spring. It is probable, too, that the Nightingale's favorite retreat may be the rose-garden, and the leaves of that flower occasionally his food ; but it is certain that he is delighted with its smell, and sometimes indulges in the fragrant luxury to such excess, as to fall from the branch, intoxicated and helpless to the ground." (Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies, Chap. 5.)

As an appropriate appendage to this Note, I have selected the Seventh Ode of Hafez, in Mr. Nott's version :

Pour the grape's empurpled tide ;
Lo ! the youthful blooming flower,
Now with cheerful brightness glows :
Throw repentant cares aside,
Seated in the festive bower,
Richly perfumed with the rose

Led by jollity and song,
Wander where sweet beauty's train
In thy cultured garden blows ;
So, the vernal groves among,
Chaunts the Nightingale his strain,
Where he finds his fav'rite rose.

Quaff thy bowl, 'twill glad thy heart ;
Now the newly-drest alcove
Mantling foliage round thee throws :
All that pleasure can impart,
And the luxuries of love,
Wait the bidding of the rose.

See, the knotted clusters shine
In the gayly-spangled glade !
Heed not when their lustre goes :
But with friendship, and with wine,
In some pleasant, secret shade,
There enjoy the short-lived rose.

As the bird with mellow lay,
Fondly, Hafez, dost thou love
Those delights the Spring bestows ;
Early buds shall strew thy way,
Let thy soul but grateful prove
To the Guardian of the Rose.

Thus likewise, Sadi, " The Spring is delightful ! O Rose ! where hast thou been ? Dost thou not hear the lamentations of the Nightingale, on account of thy delay ? "

⁴⁹ " The spreading Eagle," &c. The spread-eagle is an ornament which decorates some parts of the ruins of Palmyra. The leaves of the

Palmetto are hard, edged with a number of sharp points, and expand from the stem in form of a fan.

⁵⁰ "Dire superstition holds her gloomy court." The question, whether the pyramids of Egypt were erected in honor of their gods, or destined to receive the bodies of their kings, has long divided the literary world. In either view, however, they may well be supposed the seat of superstition, whether considered as temples or as tombs, as devoted to the dark mysteries of the Egyptian religion, or sacred to the repose of the dead ; for superstitious prejudices, no less than the desire of perpetuating their names, must have operated on the minds of their founders to induce them, at such an enormous expense, and such a waste of labor, to raise these enormous edifices.

THE
Charms of Fancy.



BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

INVOCATION to the Genius of Melancholy.—Apostrophe to the Ruins of Thebes. Ruin, and his attendants. Grandeur of ancient Thebes. Sesostris : his exploits and character. Temple of the Sun : its former magnificence ; sublimity of its ruin. Tomb of Osymandus : traditionary accounts of its splendor and opulence ; haughty inscription of its Founder. Reflections on the pride and cruelty of the ancient Egyptian monarchs. Egypt celebrated for Arts, Laws, and Government, but debased by the most abject Superstition. Its present inhabitants : an ignorant, brutish, deceitful and barbarous race, scarcely preserving a trait of the ancient rational character, but that of superstition. Reflections suggested by the present state of Egypt and the East : whether a similar fate does not await the countries of Europe and America. Original subject resumed. Influence of Fancy : the sorrows and glooms of life cheered and alleviated by it ; and its pleasures enlivened and enhanced. Comparative view of the advantages and disadvantages of a strong and ardent imagination : the pleasure derivable to its possessor, even amidst misfortunes in some degree proceeding from that source, from the very consciousness of its possession. Decline of Fancy in advancing years, with its total extinction in old age. Some exceptions to this general rule, exemplified in the instances of Homer, Sophocles, Sadi, Metastasio, &c. Conclusion.

THE
CHARMS OF FANCY.

Book the fourth.

THOU Genius sad ! whose melancholy sway
The awful, mournful, and sublime obey ;
Who on some cliff enjoy'st the tempest's roar,
When maddening billows whiten all the shore ;
Who oft explor'st, in midnight's silent gloom,
The hallow'd temple, or sequester'd tomb ;
And oft, with pensive step, delight'st to stray
Where mouldering ruins woo thy lonely way ;
Inspire my song—thy aid propitious lend,
As o'er yon dreary waste my course I bend,
Mid broken walls, cleft domes, and hoar remains
Of sumptuous palaces and gorgeous fanes.

All Hail ! ye solemn scenes, ye piles immense,
Ye mouldering relics of magnificence—

Ye sacred monuments of ancient time,
Which fill the bosom with an awe sublime !
Ere yet proud Rome in infant grandeur shone,
Or ere in Athens Science fix'd her throne—
Ere Corinth rose, of art the beauteous boast,
And tower'd in splendor o'er the Isthmian coast ;
Ye taught a lesson sad : how short the date
Of earthly grandeur and of royal state !
How vain, how transitory is that power
Which monarchs covet and mankind adore !

Here Ruin reigns : his throne a mouldering mass
O'ergrown with hoary weeds and matted grass ;
A broken crown invests his hairless head,
O'er his lank form a tatter'd robe is spread,
Whose vileness, blended with the regal blaze,
The pomp of sordid majesty displays ;
His tottering frame incessant palsies shake,
And Phthisis flushes on his wasted cheek ;
Where'er around his baleful eyes he turns,
Falls some proud palace, or some city burns :
Near him a mutilated scroll is placed,
The imperfect characters of time defaced,

Of mighty empires and illustrious states,
Whose dust-polluted leaves contain the fates.
His grim attendants, ranged on either hand,
Obsequious wait their gloomy king's command :
In crimson robes, the Genius stern of War
Here stands, deform'd with many a ghastly scar ;
His better hand a blood-stain'd falchion bears,
High in his left a flaming torch he rears ;
In vengeful fires his bloody eye-balls roll,
And scenes of slaughter fill his ruthless soul ;
The Earthquake dire here writhes his giant form,
And frowns the Spirit of the blackening storm ;
Slow-creeping Time with scatter'd locks of gray,
And Rapine bending under loads of prey.
With thousands more, a wild terrific band,
Inspiring horror, near the tyrant stand.

On this wild waste, where Desolation lowers,
The Queen of cities raised her lofty towers ;
Majestic Thebes ! thy ancient power how great,
How bright the glories of thy former state !
Far-distant nations trembling own'd thy sway,
Where Ethiops blacken in the vertic ray ;

Where Nilus' fertile wave receives its birth,
And, pour'd with gushing fury, cleaves the earth ;
Where o'er gold-sparkling sands the Ganges pours
His wave, wide-swelling to Indostan's shores.
Whene'er thy sons the rage of conquest led,
O'er neighboring lands the plagues of war to shed,
Pour'd from thy hundred gates, the rushing train
With horse and chariots darken'd all the plain ;
Thick as when Summer beams his fervent rays,
The myriads floating in the noontide blaze ;
Thick as the locusts, when the Prophet's wand
Waved desolation o'er thy guilty land.

Here Art, fair plant, her earliest blossoms bore,
And Learning here first taught his simplest lore,
And here the subject east Sesostris sway'd,
Loved as a man, and like a god obey'd.
Though numerous realms beneath his conquests bled,
And wide the terror of his falchion spread ;
Not his the views which meaner souls inspire,
Where low ambition wakes the hero's fire,
Whose great exploits all tend, with praiseless aim,
From slaughter'd hosts to gain a meteor fame ;



By wisdom govern'd, and by virtue fired,
His soul sublime to higher praise aspired,
To join the world in ties of civil love,
The manners soften, and the mind improve,
Give the rude breast with generous warmth to glow,
Exult in social joy and melt in social woe,
With conquest's palm, of peace the olive bind,
"And shine the king and father of mankind." [arise,

The scene, how changed! No more thy spires
No cloud-topp'd temples tower amid the skies—
No gorgeous domes their glittering sides unfold,
With sculptured marble graced and figured gold;
In crowded streets where throng'd the busy train,
Now solitude and dismal silence reign.

Midst crumbling ruins, wide around it strew'd,
Where frowns yon massy pile, abrupt and rude,
With frequent rifts disjoin'd, with moss o'ergrown,
Waving its rank head o'er the tottering stone,
And o'er the plain a mountain-shadow throws,
The matchless temple of the Sun arose
Stupendous work! of art the wondrous pride,
Where regal gifts in ostentation vied;

Thy walls with conquest's sculptured trophies glow'd,
Where imaged kings in state triumphal rode
While captive princes, midst the gazing throng,
Drew the fierce victor's golden car along :
Before thy beauteous gates, a towering wood,
High raised in air, colossal statues stood,
And hideous sphinxes, ranged in long array,
Glared, from the marble, horror and dismay.
Here still the traveler views, with wondering dread,
In heaps on heaps, thy giant ruins spread ;
Thy marble walls immense, that still withstand
The heavy stroke of wild destruction's hand ;
Thy forms colossal tumbled to the ground,
In massy fragments rudely heap'd around ;
Thy ⁽¹⁾ pyramidal gates, which yet remain,
Thy broken sphinxes, scatter'd o'er the plain ;
Thy numerous columns of enormous size,
That still in stately ranks high towering rise ;
Thy inner dome, whose painted sculptures seem
Like works of magic, or a fairy dream,
Whose beauties tempt even ruthless Time to stay,
Nor yet to Ruin give his destined prey ;

For still its golden ⁽³⁾ stars attract the eye,
Resplendent beaming from their azure sky ;
Fresh, unimpaired, in pristine lustre gay,
Though ages since have roll'd their years away.

Reclined on yonder column's hoar remains,
That scarce the broken architrave sustains,
The sceptre dropping from his palsied hands,
The Genius sad of fallen Grandeur stands.
From his torn bosom bursts the frequent sigh,
The glistening tear starts trembling in his eye,
With anguish'd look, as he the waste surveys,
Where ancient splendor pour'd its dazzling blaze ;
Where beauty beam'd her soul-dissolving smile,
Where plann'd the statesman his politic wile,
Where valor shone, in glittering armor drest,
And, awe-inspiring, moved the hoary priest ;
In purple robes the haughty tyrant frown'd,
While servile millions prostrate trembled round.

Though dimm'd the rays that from his crescent
And soil'd the lustre of his robes divine, [shine,
Yet still superior, through the cloud of woe,
An awful majesty his features show ;

His piercing eyes, replete with regal fire,
A solemn dignity of thought inspire.
So some tall oak, which many a year has stood
In towering pride, the monarch of the wood,
By the cold blasts of wintry age decay'd,
Resigns the leafy honors of its shade ;
And though with verdure, unadorn'd and bare,
Nor genial spring its beauties can repair,
The sapless trunk, still awfully sublime,
Receives new honors from the hand of Time.

Where'er I turn my eyes, on every side
Wrecks of magnificence the champaign hide ;
But, far the rest above, those ruins hoar,
That distant rise on Nilus' eastern shore,
Attract the view—my course I raptur'd bend,
Where, 'spiring high, yon Obelisks ascend.
A melancholy awe and sacred dread
Now thrill my soul, as o'er these scenes I tread :
Through the cleft wall the sun's declining beam
A broken radiance pours, in lengthening stream,
Gilding the blended heap, where, soil'd with dust,
The headless statue lies, and broken bust ;

The capital, hurl'd from its towering height,
Half-sunk beneath the prostrate column's weight ;
And gilded frieze, whose mangled charms impart
A mournful pleasure to the feeling heart. [walls,
O'er the gray moss, which hides these mouldering
The spotted lizard unmolested crawls,
Through the long weeds, blown by the breeze aside,
In view romantic gleams their sculptured pride,
With stronger force which strikes the mind, as seen
Obscurely glimmering through the verdant screen.

These vast remains magnificent proclaim
Some splendid structure of gigantic frame :
But not a trace remains, to inform the mind
By whom erected, or for what design'd ;
Perhaps some ancient tyrant's proud abode,
Or temple sacred to some monster-god.
While, lost in dark conjecture's varying maze,
From thought to thought, perplex'd opinion strays ;
Lo ! old Tradition's reverend form appears,
Hoary his head, his figure bent with years ;
Though Time's deep furrows mark his aged brow,
His eyes with fancy's youthful splendors glow ;

On his plain robe Invention's hand has wrought
Each wild chimera of fantastic thought,
Which, o'er it strew'd profuse, conceal from view
The simple beauties of its native hue :
"No palace here," he cries ; "no sacred fane
Extends its ruin'd honors o'er the plain ;
Where these rude walls in shapeless fragments frown
In earth half-buried, and with weeds o'ergrown,
In Egypt's pride, by Osymandus rear'd,
Proudest of kings, a splendid tomb appear'd,
Who deem'd this work, his pledge of deathless fame,
To latest periods should extend his name ;
For this, the sumptuous monument he raised,
Which, rich with sculptured gold and jewels blazed ;
The vaulted dome like heaven's blue concave seem'd,
Where glittering stars with mimic lustre gleam'd ;
On the high top a golden circle placed,
With mystic figures and inscriptions graced,
Shone brightly glowing in the noontide ray,
A rival sun, and pour'd an added day ;
Here, living figures of the kings of old,
Whiten'd in stone, or beam'd with burnish'd gold ;

Above the rest his statue, towering high,
A form colossal, fix'd the wandering eye,
Whose base, in gold, this proud inscription bore : ”
“ Let those who wish to know how vast my power,
My deeds how glorious, and my name how great,
Let them my meanest works but imitate.”
How vain thy pride ! thy empty boast how vain !
What traces now of all thy power remain ?
The historian's pen refused thy pompous claim,
Nor gave thy actions to the roll of fame ;
And Time's rude hand, which lays each beauty waste,
Has broke thy statues, and thy name erased ;
Thy wealth, thy grandeur, thy extensive sway,
Alone Tradition's fabling tales display.

Unhappy Egypt ! ever doom'd by fate
To bend beneath oppression's iron weight ;
What empty vanity thy kings possess'd,
What wild delusion swell'd each tyrant's breast,
To dream that Fame's immortal laurels bloom
From the huge pyramid or sumptuous tomb !
These vain memorials of their pride to rear,
Source of the widow's moan, the orphan's tear ;

Thy hapless sons to servile tasks were doom'd,
Thy millions sacrificed, thy wealth consumed,
Thy fertile plains, untill'd, neglected lay,
Thy towns dispeopled, or to want a prey.
The bright reward of honor to obtain
This waste of treasure and of blood how vain !
Not e'en the pyramids, whose wond'rous size
O'er ruin triumphs and decay defies,
Whose era ⁽³⁾ no recording annals boast,
In the thick gloom of earliest ages lost,
Their founder's memories have avail'd to save ;
Whelm'd are their names in black Oblivion's wave.

O'er thy fair realms, elate in youthful pride,
Unfolding Science spread her empire wide,
And still, with mournful joy and fond regret,
She views thy scenes, her former loved retreat,
Whence first diffusive shone her quick'ning light,
While droop'd the world around in shades of night :
Such fond regret as feeling bosoms prove
From view of objects of a former love,
Though now no more their charms our peace molest,
And hush'd the passion that disturb'd the breast ;

Yet Memory still awakes a thought severe :—
We once have loved, and once to them were dear.

For arts of rule, for moral wisdom famed,
Thy ancient people high distinction claim'd ;
But o'er the brightening beams of mental light,
Dark Superstition drew the veil of night ;
Or used, with aim perverse, the heavenly blaze,
Alone to lure through Error's devious ways.
Beneath her despot sway degraded, pined
The sense of freedom and the powers of mind ;
The reptile vile, the monsters of the wood,
Or scaly terror of thy fertile flood,
The plant, the insect, challenged rites divine,
And vows absurd ascended at their shrine.

Here still the Demon holds despotic power,
Still o'er thy climes her baleful shadows lower ;
While blank-faced Ignorance, in pride of heart,
Triumphant tramples on the wrecks of art ;
Each worth, each science, banish'd from thy plains,
Of ancient time alone this vile reproach remains.
A wild, rapacious, cruel, treacherous race,
Nature's rude outcasts, and their clime's disgrace,

To feeling lost and dead to sense of shame,
Thy abject sons in strongest terms proclaim
What misery clouds, what vices taint mankind,
Unsway'd by order, nor by laws confined !

Thus, o'er these climes as bends my airy way,
Where Power, grim despot, spreads his iron sway,
Where Desolation rears his baleful crest,
Mid scenes in vain by lavish Nature blest ;
Mid luxury's riot waste, where Famine reigns,
And mouldering cities gloom the lonely plains ;
While o'er their glories past pale Memory sighs,
What dreary prospects in idea rise !

Is this of realms the fate, the mournful end
To which must all inevitably tend ?

Must each, in turn, lament the same sad doom,
By heaven prescribed for nations yet to come ;
And, as their fame has shone, their empire spread,
Misfortune o'er them roll her deepening shade ?
Ere long, perhaps, by barbarous rule oppress'd,
Shall Europe's realms this fatal truth attest ;
Ere long shall, haply, o'er her beauteous land,
Stern Desolation wave his sterile wand ;

Her fairest plains to desert wastes be turn'd,
Her arts neglected, her refinements spurn'd,
While moss-grown walls and heaps of ruins rude,
Shall mark the place where once her cities stood :
Where gay Lætitia's splendid scenes are spread,
Shall the rank thistle wave its lonely head ;
And London's domes, in wild destruction hurl'd,
Convey a future moral to the world.
Yon cities, too, in infant pride that rise,
And shine, Columbia! mid thy favor'd skies,
Some future day may see in dust o'erthrown,
With brambles shadow'd, and with brake o'ergrown ;
Some future day, the traveler haply come
To view their ruins, from his distant home,
From western shores with brilliant cities graced,
The seats of science, elegance, and taste,
Where now Alaska lifts her forests rude,
Or Nootka rolls its solitary flood ;
While o'er the spot, contemplative, he strays
Where Philadelphia caught the admiring gaze ;
Mid ambient waves York's proud emporium shone,
Or fair Bostonia graced her eastern throne ;

No peopled domes, no spires ascending high,
No scenes of culture please his pensive eye;
No human voice he hears—the desert plain
Knows but the Whippo'will's funereal strain,
The Hern's hoarse clang, or Sea-gull's lonely cry,
Join'd with the moan of winds, that sadly sigh
O'er many a shatter'd pile, and broken stone
Of sculptured form, in mournful unison :—
Save, haply startled at the human tread,
From some gray tomb, by withering fern o'erspread,
Slow rears the Rattle-snake his glistening crest,
And fills with deathful sounds the dreary waste.

Yet may this prospect dark, this mournful theme,
Prove but a vision vain, a melancholy dream !
Lo ! brighter scenes exulting Hope descries,
As o'er the future glance her radiant eyes ;
With joy she sees the arts of peace expand,
And willing nations own the mild command ;
Exulting, marks those blissful days unfold,
By poets sung, the favor'd age of gold,
When fierce contentions shall prevail no more,
No barbarous nations flood the earth with gore,

No ruffian bands the fairest climes annoy,
No savage victor conquer to destroy ;
When realms, now sunk beneath barbarian sway,
Shall shine illumed with freedom's quick'ning ray :
E'en the fierce Turk shall feel the generous flame,
And fair Refinement grace his laurel'd name ;
Those cities mouldering o'er the gloomy waste
Again shall rise with new-born lustre graced :
Again shall Thebes erect her head sublime,
Again Palmyra cheer the desert clime,
O'er their glad plains the smile of joy expand,
And jocund Plenty crown the fertile land ;
Mid wildest tribes, to earth's remotest end,
The reign of Science and of Truth extend,
Humanity the bliss of worlds improve,
And all mankind unite in social love.

But quit, my Muse ! description's lucid strain,
Nor further range o'er realms that yet remain ;
Though Asia Minor's various cities smile,
In pomp alluring, o'er her blissful soil,
And Europe's sons and various customs yield
A pleasing subject and an ample field.



Some future poet, in his tuneful lay,
Shall sing each people, and each clime display ;
Their manners show, their numerous sources trace,
And mark the difference of the human race,
When nations now unknown the Muse shall fire,
And give new music to her magic lyre.

Such are the pleasures, such the prospects bright,
Thou pour'st, O Fancy ! on the raptured sight ;
Mid cheerless solitude's forsaken gloom,
Where sad-eyed Melancholy loves to roam,
In life's dark moments o'er the sinking soul
When chill Despondency's black shadows roll,
Or, rapture-wing'd, with cloudless sunshine gay,
Joy's halcyon season pours its vernal ray,
Thy fairy visions, with benignant power,
Cheer the lone sadness of the unsocial hour ;
Gild the wild horrors of Dejection's gloom,
And Joy's bright Sun with brighter beams illumine.

Though cold declaimers, in severest strain,
Thy pleasures reprobate, thy sons arraign :
“ For grant,” they cry, “ that Fancy's magic ray,
With fairer sunshine gilds of joy the day,

With deeper tinge she glooms the sable clouds,
When dire Despair, life's cheerful prospects shrouds,
With sharper stings impoints the venom'd dart,
When pale Affliction rends the tortured heart,
And far from Reason's road her lures beguile,
Where wild Projection plants its fatal toil :
So the pale Meteor, whose deceitful ray,
Shines to mislead, and lights but to betray,
When misty darkness wraps the cope of night,
Decoys the traveler with its wandering light,
Till, whelm'd in floods, or treacherous bogs beneath,
Too late he finds the illusion end in death.
Ixions vain, who chase thy phantoms fair,
Find their false Junos changed to empty air,
And, on the torturing racks of misery torn,
Too late their vain pursuits, and follies mourn."

Though, thus adorn'd with candor's specious air,
The show of truth their warm invectives wear ;
Yet lost in error's maze they wander wide,
Misled by prejudice and critic pride :
For that propensity, on all imprest,
The happy self-love of the human breast,

Impels the mind to turn the cheerless view,
From scenes Despondence paints in mournful hue,
To those thy flattering mirror gives to sight,
By hope's gay pencil drawn in colors bright.

Even he who, sinking with distress and care,
Condemn'd misfortunes bitterest frowns to bear,
Compell'd the soul-corroding pangs to prove
Of treacherous friendship, or of hopeless love,
From wonted joys of ease and affluence torn,
To strive with pain, with indigence and scorn ;
Or, in forsaken age, to shed the tear
Of grief paternal o'er his children's bier ;
Whose woes, by thee with stronger force imprest,
With keener torment goad the afflicted breast,
Still finds a pleasure from the sense refined
Of nicer feelings and a nobler mind ;
Nor would that pride sublime of grief forego,
For all the tasteless joys that Apathy can know,
But ah ! too soon thy pleasing visions fade ;
Thy power declines as Age's frosts invade,
Or Sage experience, cruel, draws aside
Thy glittering veils, that Life's dark shadows hide.

In that bright Season, when the flower of Spring
Unfolds its fragrance to the zephyr's wing,
When, with the charm of novelty imprest,
Youth's gay amusements fire the ductile breast,
And, eager as its pleasures we pursue,
All else unheeded 'scapes the careless view,
In that my favor'd age, with brightest dyes
Thou paint'st the future to our longing eyes;
Deck'd, by thy magic touch, with grace divine,
The charms of love, and joys of friendship shine;
One face of bliss Life's fair-drawn scenes display,
And smile alluring in perpetual May,
While schemes of happiness the mind employ,
Of unalloy'd prosperity and joy,
The fairy dreams of Hope's untutor'd train,
That mock the narrow bounds of Reason's reign :
And, e'en when envious Time's officious care
Divests thy pictures of their flattering glare,
Scarce can the soul, by thy bright prospects warm'd,
Resign the beauties that so long have charm'd.

In manhood's Summer, when, with scornful pride,
Youth's air-built whims and visions we deride,

While visions scarce less wild ourselves engage,
Interest's vain schemes, Ambition's madd'ning rage,
Though changed thy object with life's changing day,
Still thou presid'st with scarce diminish'd sway.

When Autumn's season of decay appears,
Thy powers declining with declining years ;
By thee scarce bias'd, when the mind pursues
Its cool employments and its sober views,
With equal eye, contemptuous we survey
The little sports of Childhood's frolic day,
Spring's gay pursuits and wild romantic dreams,
And ardent Summer's visionary schemes ;
And, as Experience' piercing beam despoils
Thy bright ⁽⁴⁾ Morganas of their magic smiles,
Surprised we view the blind mistakes of youth,
In following phantoms for the form of truth.

Thus by degrees declines thy varying power,
As stooping years bring on the wint'ry hour ;
When, lost to pleasure and to feeling dead,
Each bliss of hope, each fond endearment fled,
The icy heart no kind attachment knows,
No tender passion in the bosom glows,

While all the frosty eye alike surveys
With dull indifference, or with cold dispraise,
Till, in the wint'ry grave's all-shrouding night,
Sink the last gleams of thy expiring light.

Yet, e'en amidst this gloomy view, appears
Thy power superior, and thy influence cheers:—
Not all, though none escape the general doom,
Tread the same course, descending to the tomb,
Mid sinking years the like dull journey go,
Distinguish'd only by a change of woe ;
For oft to life's last verge thy glow inspires
Those favor'd sons who boast thy genuine fires ;
Through long-protracted years of want and pain
They feel thy influence, and thy warmth retain ;
As erst in youth, in fairy dreams engage,
And with thy pleasures soothe the ills of age,
See Time obedient to thy mandates yield,
And nature's laws by Fancy's magic quell'd.

Thus great Mæonides, by want distress'd,
With age enfeebled and disease oppress'd,
Mid strangers thrown, a houseless wanderer, fain
A scanty pittance from his lyre to gain,

Still felt thy genial flame his bosom fire,
And Poesy's sublimest strains inspire;
And, while delighted crowds around him pour,
From each famed city of Ionia's shore,
As the high theme their wondering ears engage,
Of Troy's famed war and stern Pelides' rage,
The eyeless minstrel glow'd with youth again,
Forgot his woes, and triumph'd o'er his pain.

Thus, like the aged swan, whose latest breath
In tuneful notes preludes the approach of death,
The Athenian bard,* for matchless sweetness famed,
Still from the Tragic Muse distinction claim'd,
While Glory's hand, around his brows, was seen
To twine fresh laurels of unfading green,
Though Time, long since, his frosts had o'er him
shed,

Plough'd his pale cheek, and shorn his hoary head.
O'er Persia's plains, where Shiraz' landscapes bloom,
And fields of roses waft a rich perfume,
Thus the famed Sage, mid years' increasing weight,
Still glow'd with Fancy's brightest fires elate;

* Sophocles.

In sweetest verse his moral precepts sung,
While Wit, delighted, o'er her Sadi hung.

E'en *modern* times examples bright supply,
On which with pleasure dwells reflection's eye,
Like some clear lamp, whose gloom-dispelling blaze
E'en to the last a constant light displays,
To life's late close for powers of genius known,
Thus fair Italia's lyric poet shone ;
Loved bard ! whose life, in even course along,
Flow'd pure and blameless as thy classic song,
Taste's richest flowers shall mid thy ashes bloom,
While Virtue weeps o'er Metastasio's tomb.
Thus, with advancing years, in Darwin's lays
The sportive Muse more vivid tints displays,
Gives with thy brighter beams his verse to shine,
And pours new splendor o'er the polish'd line ;
As, touch'd with frost, the hawthorn's berries glow
With deeper crimson mid surrounding snow.

Like some tall oak that rears its vigorous form,
And bids defiance to the wint'ry storm,
While trees of brighter verdure, stretch'd around,
Mourn their reft honors scatter'd on the ground ;

Thus gayly smiling mid the lapse of years,
Thy boast, Germania! unimpair'd appears :
Lo ! at his bidding what strange shapes advance,
What forms fantastic weave the airy dance !
When to young Huon, in the desert wild,
On his bright car appears the lovely child,
Mid whose infantine smile, the eye's keen blaze
The fairy-monarch's dreaded mein bewrays,
His strains, accordant to the subject, thrill
The soul with transport, or with terror chill.

Thus has the Muse, unequal to the toil,
With daring footstep trod thy magic soil ;
And thus presumed, with bold, advent'rous hand,
To sketch the beauties of thy fairy land :
Yet, ere her hands the varying lyre resign,
Fraternal love demands the grateful line.

To thee, allied by nature's tend'rest claim,
Whose least endearment is a sister's name ;
To thee, while warm affection prompts the notes,
With joy the Muse the closing strain devotes.

If any merit grace these artless lays,
If any humble meed of modest praise,

Indulgence kind, with fav'ring smiles bestow,
To thee that merit and that praise I owe.

Oft, when first starting on my young career,
Repress'd by diffidence and anxious fear,
While the chill'd verse in dull suspension hung,
The theme neglected and the lyre unstrung,
As to my view the various ills arose,
That envious spleen and prejudice oppose,
The storms that lower o'er each devoted head,
Whose luckless feet these paths presumptuous tread,
Oft hast thou urged my loit'ring course along,
And fired me to complete th' unfinish'd song.

Form'd to improve the hour of social bliss,
To heighten pleasure and to soothe distress,
To grace the brilliant circles of the gay,
Do through life's noiseless vale contented stray,
With cool instruction sweet delight to blend,
The sage adviser and the cheerful friend;
A mind possessing, by improvement graced,
With genius brighten'd, and refined by taste,
A gen'rous heart, with tend'rest feelings fraught,
And all the ardor of ennobling thought;



With fortune's smiles enrich'd, to care unknown,
Thy morn of youth in cloudless splendor shone.
But ah ! No human state exists secure ;
No happiness is fated to endure ;
Life, ever varying, knows no certain plan ;
And frail's the tenure of the bliss of man.
False as the smiles that deck an April day,
And sooner with'ring than the flowers of May,
Our joys precarious no continuance boast,
Nipp'd in their bloom by pale affliction's frost ;
On pleasure's steps the fiend of woe still treads,
And grief's deep gloom mirth's fairest smile succeeds,
E'en the gay hours with brightest transport warm,
Shine a sad prelude to th' impending storm,
While, more alluring as their prospects show,
Still heavier hangs the sable cloud of woe.
But, though the hopes of perfect bliss are vain,
Nor here the fairy holds her heav'nly reign,
Yet not unmix'd the stream of misery flows :
Some soothing sweets its bitt'rest waves disclose ;
Some glitt'ring beams life's darkest shades adorn,
And pleasure's rose oft blooms in sorrow's thorn.

To-day, though sadness wear her sable veil,
And gloomiest thoughts the troubled mind assail,
To-morrow hope unfolds her radiant face,
Joy's winning smiles her lovely features grace;
Before the splendors of her bright'ning eye,
The glooms disperse, the low'ring shadows fly.
Though sorrow's hand hath paled thy wonted bloom,
And thy fond hopes are shrouded in the tomb;
While each occasion gives thy tears to flow,
As memory opes afresh the source of woe, [pears
And, view'd through grief's dark medium, life ap-
A weary journey through a vale of tears;
Yet mild-eyed comfort, on her healing wing,
To thee the heav'nly balm of peace shall bring,
Time's lenient hand shall lend its kindly aid,
And o'er thy sorrows draw its softest shade;
Hope in thy breast here would her seat resume,
And thence dispel dejection's mournful gloom,
While, to each wild excess alike unknown,
There calm serenity shall fix her throne.

NOTES TO THE FOURTH BOOK.

¹ "THE pyramidal gates," &c. The gateways or entrances of the great temple at Luxor are very massy, and of a pyramidal form. The remains of the outer walls are forty feet in width at the base

² "Still its golden stars." "Amongst the heaps of rubbish with which the village of Achmounain is surrounded, is a superb portico, that has suffered nothing from time. It is one hundred feet long, and twenty-five wide, and is supported by twelve columns, which have only a plain fascia, by way of capital. Each column is composed of three blocks of granite, forming in all sixty feet in height, by twenty-five in circumference. The block which rests upon the base is simply rounded, and loaded with hieroglyphics, which commence with a pyramid; the two others are fluted. The columns are ten feet distant from each other, except the two middle ones, which, serving for the entrance, leave an interval between them of fifteen feet. Ten enormous stones cover the whole extent of the portico; over them is a double row. The two middle ones, which rise in the form of a pediment, surpass the others in form and thickness. It is astonishing that the art of man has been able to elevate these prodigious masses of rock to the height of sixty feet. The frieze, which surrounds it, is covered with hieroglyphics very well carved. The figures are those of birds, of insects, of various kinds of animals, and of men seated, to whom others appear to be making offerings. This is probably the history of the time, the places, and the deity in whose honor this monument was raised. The portico was painted red and blue. These colors are effaced in many

places ; but the lower part of the architrave, which surrounds the colonnade, has preserved a gold color astonishingly lively. It is the same with the ceiling, where the stars of gold shine upon an azure sky, with a dazzling brilliancy. This monument, constructed before the Persian conquest, has neither the elegance nor the purity of the Grecian architecture ; but its solidity, which it seems impossible to destroy, its awful simplicity, and its majesty, command admiration.”—Savary’s *Letters on Egypt*.

3 “ Whose era no recording annals boast.” The same uncertainty and difference of opinion is to be found in authors, both ancient and modern, as to the period of the erection of these stupendous masses and their founders, as prevails with regard to the object of their erection—some ascribing them to Cheops, to Mœris, &c., some to Amasis, Busiris, or Sesostriis, while others assert that they existed prior to the general deluge. Amidst this impenetrable cloud of uncertainty, the most learned in Egyptian antiquities, until the language of the hieroglyphics can be deciphered, can form, at best, but ingenious conjectures, that will bring us very little nearer to the truth.

The third volume of *Oriental Collections* contains on this subject a letter from the Rev. Dr. Hales to Sir William Ouseley, an abstract of which I shall here insert :—“ The first pyramid was built by Apachnes, the third of the Yksos, or Shepherd Kings, who, according to Manetho, in the reign of Timaios emigrated from the East, subdued Egypt, and grievously oppressed the inhabitants, for the period of two hundred and fifty-nine years, when they were finally expelled, through the deserts of Palestine, by Thammosis. This was begun about the year two thousand and ninety-six, before Christ, and completed about two thousand and sixty-three. The two others were probably built during the long reigns of the immediate successors of Apachnes—Anophis and Janias ; and the expulsion of the Yksos occurred in or about the year nineteen hundred and five, before Christ. The Egyptian priests, from a sentiment of national vanity, or in order to conceal their subjection and servitude, falsely attributed the building of the two great pyramids to

two of their native sovereigns—Cheops and Cephrenes—who reigned long after ; the first about the year one thousand and eighty-four, and the other one thousand and thirty-four, before Christ. In corroboration of this hypothesis, Dr. Hales observes, that Mr. Wilford notices the invasion of Egypt in ancient times, recorded in a Hindoo work, the *Maha-Calpa*, which gives the names of three of the Hindoo princes, who reigned there—Samo-Vatia, Bahya-Vatia, the Baion of Manetho, and the second in the list of his Shepherd Kings, and Ruoma-Vatia, or Apachnes, the last of which, possessing great wealth, raised three mountains, called Rucanadri, Rajat-adri, and Retu-adri, or the Mount of Gold ; the Mount of Silver, and that of precious stones, that is, the three great pyramids, coated with yellow, white, and spotted polished marbles. These pyramids were consecrated to Padma-Devi, (the Goddess of the Cotos, or white water-lily,) called also Paramasi, or the Chief Goddess.”

4 “Thy bright Morganas.” The Fata Morgana is a most beautiful aerial phenomenon, observable from the harbor of Messina, and some other places adjacent, in Sicily, at a certain height from the level of the ocean. In a clear, calm day of summer there rises, above the great current of air, a vapor, which acquires a certain density, so as to form in the atmosphere horizontal prisms, whose surfaces are so disposed as to reflect and represent in succession, like a moving mirror, for sometime, the objects on the coast, or in the country contiguous. They exhibit, by turns, the city and suburbs of Messina, trees, animals, men, and mountains.—Voyage Pittoresque, par M. Houel.

The time of the appearance of this phenomenon is when the sun has just risen above the horizon. After it has attained some height, the pictures become obscure and gradually disappear. The common people have given it the name of the Fata, or Fairy Morgana, from a belief entertained by them, that this appearance is produced by that celebrated Fairy.

5 “O’er her Sadi hung.” “The celebrated poet Sadi was born at

Shiraz, in the year 1175 of our era. He was the author of the *Gulistan*, or *Bed of Roses*; the *Bostan*, or *Fruit Garden*; the *Molamaat*, or *Rays of Light*, and a large *Collection of Odes and Sonnets*, alphabetically arranged in a *Diván*. The portrait of this celebrated poet was lately to be seen in a building near Shirawz, representing him as a venerable old man, with a long, silver beard, and flowing robes, holding in his right hand a crooked ivory staff, and in the left a charger of incense. He lived to the advanced age of one hundred and sixteen years, and his tomb is still visited with the respect due to classic ground, at a little distance from Shirawz, his native city."—Ousley's *Persian Miscellanies*, Chapter 4.

The *Gulistan* of Sadi, of which there has been a recent translation, is a work abounding with many excellent precepts of morality and practical lessons of wisdom. In one of his *Fables*, or *Stories*, he relates that King Feridûn, had written at the entrance of his palace, in letters of gold, the following sentence:—"Whoever thou art, recollect that the pleasures of this world are of no endurance: But place thy heart on Him who created it, for He will never disappoint thee! Put not thy trust in earthly power or riches; for time has produced and elevated many like thee, whom in the end it has destroyed. When the soul of the virtuous man is on the point of its departure, of what consequence is it to him if he dies on a throne, or in the street?"

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OCT 17 1929

